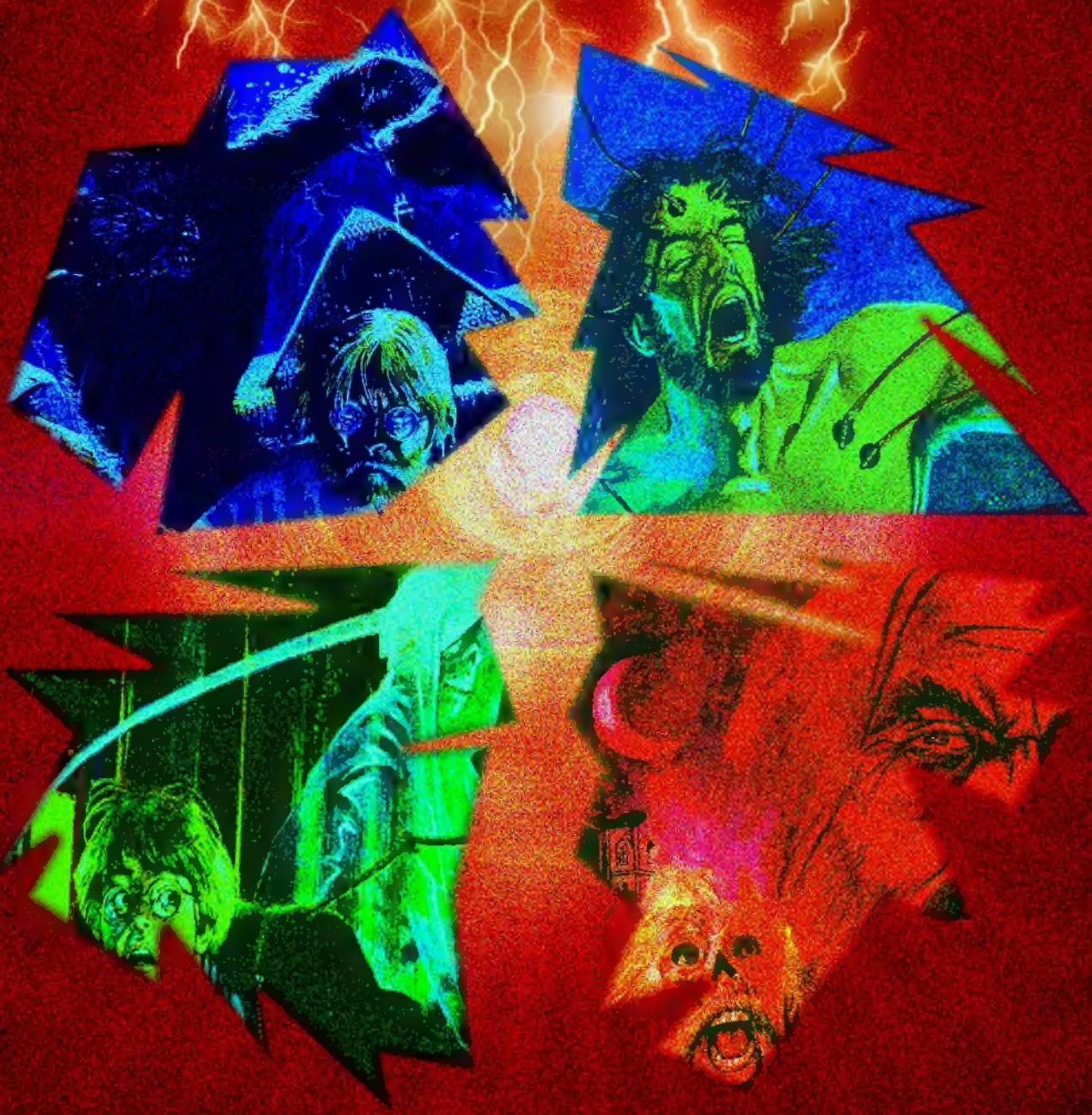
THE WORLDS OF H.P. LOVECRAFT



4 complete tales adapted by
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THE WORLDS OF H.P. LOVECRAFT

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THE WORLDS OF H.P. LOVECRAFT

THE LURKING FEAR

ADVENTURE COMICS
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LOVECRAFT
THE LURKING FEAR IN FULL COLOR!
CARIELLO '91

THE WORLDS OF H.P. LOVECRAFT

THE LURKING FEAR

When I was a kid, I loved scary stuff. Mad scientists, aliens, ghosts, and most of all, monsters. Kids never notice the zipper running down the monster's back in the movies. They couldn't care less if the book they're reading has been damned by the critics as nothing more than a spooky story. Us kids were in it for visceral pleasures. Kids want to feel goosebumps on their flesh and their heart in their throats. H.P. Lovecraft's The Lurking Fear is, in the words of Arthur Conan Dyle, "a real creeper." This is a real compliment. In his respected scholarly study of horror and science fiction literature, The Strength To Dream, Colin Wilson claims this story follows "the unusual pattern of ghost stories: man enters haunted house, leaves with his hair white." This is a complaint. If zippers and spooks are beneath you, then this is not the place for you. this is a place for kids who unashamedly treasure demonical, hideous things and shocking abominations. This is a land of dreams and nightmares, of magic and sorcery. This is the land of...

...Lovecraft.

Steven Philip Jones

Iowa, November, 1991

THE LURKING FEAR

JOSHI HALL
MISKATONIC U.
RING RING
I REMEMBER HEARING SOMETHING ABOUT THE TEMPEST MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY ON CNN.

RING
NATHAN TRITH
201
RING
TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE DEAD. TWICE THAT MANY MISSING.

RING RING
AWFUL, BUT NOTHING TO GET WORKED UP ABOUT.
ANTHROPOLOGY DEPARTMENT. PROFESSOR TRITH.

NATHAN ?
YES--ARTIE ?!
IT CAN'T BE! I HAVEN'T SEEN ARTIE MUNROE SINCE...
GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR DISSERTATION, TRITH. I HEAR PROFESSORS CAN BE KILLERS!
LET ME KNOW IF YOU EVER GET ON WITH THE WASHINGTON POST, MUNROE!
ARTIE, YOU SON OF A BITCH! BILL BRADLEY FINALLY HIRED YOU, HUH?
NOT EXACTLY. USA TODAY.
GANNETT? WELL... THE CIRCULATION'S BETTER.
LISTEN, NATE-- I NEED A FAVOR. I'M COVERING THIS STORY UP IN THE CATSKILLS...
AND I'VE RUN INTO SOME TROUBLE. I SURE COULD USE YOUR SMARTS.--CAN YOU COME UP HERE?
ARTIE-- I'VE GOT MID-TERMS!
I'M SORRY, NATE. BUT-- I MEAN IT-- THIS IS LIFE OR DEATH.
NORMALLY I WOULD HAVE SAID NO. I'M AN APATHETIC PERSON BY NATURE.

BUT ARTHUR MUNROE WASN'T A GUY GIVEN TO HYPERBOLES.
KNOCK KNOCK
COME ON, ARTIE! OPEN UP! IT'S WET OUT HERE!
HEY, NATE. WELCOME TO THE CATSKILLS.
WHAT CAN I SAY? I GOT CURIOUS!
I WANTED TO KNOW WHAT WAS VEXING MY FRIEND.
IT'S BEEN TWO WEEKS, AND STILL NO SIGN OF THOSE FIFTY PEOPLE.
THEY WERE SQUATTERS, MAN! TROUBLE REARED ITS UGLY HEAD, AND THEY SKEDADDLED.
THEY'RE PROBABLY IN KENTUCKY BY NOW.
THAT'S THE POPULAR THEORY. BUT I KNOW BETTER.
THOSE PEOPLE ARE DEAD.
ALL FIFTY OF THEM. PLUS TWO MORE.
START TALKING SENSE, ARTIE.

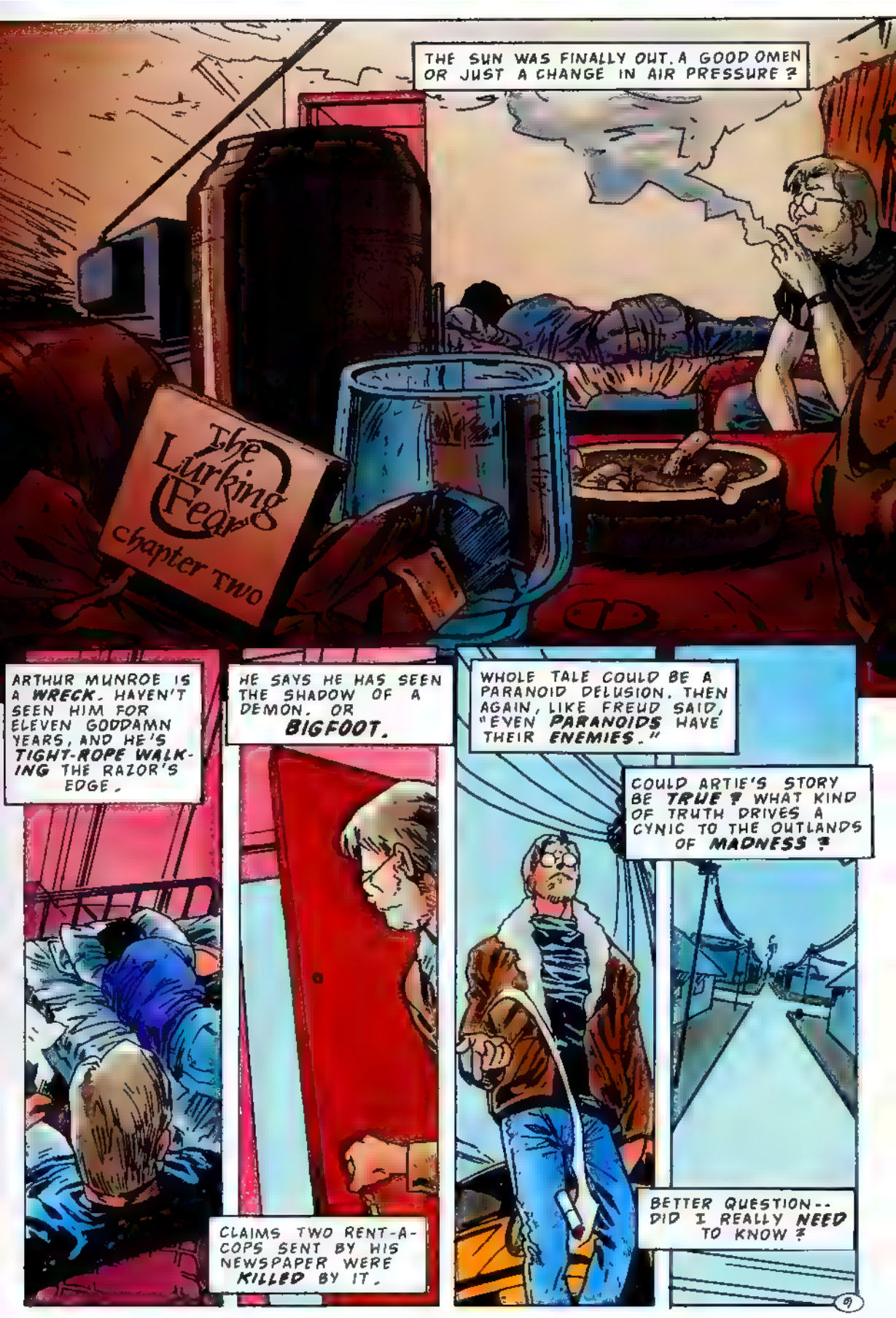
"ALL RIGHT. ACCORDING TO STATE POLICE, THE GROUND UNDER ONE OF THE SQUATTER'S VILLAGES CAVED IN AFTER A LIGHTNING STROKE. YOU KNOW THE CASUALTY COUNT."
"WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT IS THE HORRIBLY MANGLED CONDITION OF THE TWENTY-FIVE BODIES."
"LOCAL AUTHORITIES FELT IT WAS BEST IF WE DIDN'T REPORT ABOUT THAT JUST YET."

CARNIVORES. BEARS AND WOLVERINES FEASTED ON THE CARRION.
WON'T WASH. NO WILD ANIMALS ON TEMPEST MOUNTAIN. THAT'S A DOCUMENTED FACT.
THE SQUATTERS CLAIM A DEMON DID IT. LOCAL LEGEND SAYS IT LIVES LIKE A LURKING FEAR IN THE MARTENESE MANSION UP ON THE SUMMIT.
SOME FOLKS SAY THUNDER CALLS IT OUT TO FEED, WHILE OTHERS SAY THE THUNDER IS ITS VOICE.
YOU DRUG MY ASS UP HERE FOR THIS?!
I SAID THIS WAS LIFE AND DEATH, NATHAN, AND I MEANT IT!
I'VE BEEN UP TO THE MANSION! I'VE SEEN IT!
WHA-- NO WAY! I WON'T BITE, ARTIE!
YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE YOU SAW A DEMON?!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SAW-- THAT'S WHY I NEED YOUR BRAINS. TO FIGURE IT OUT.
"I WAS CURIOUS. THE POLICE COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING. AND THEY SAY LEGENDS ARE BASED ON GRAINS OF TRUTH."

RRRUMBLEE
"I HAD MY OFFICE SEND OVER TWO BEEFY SECURITY GUARDS, GEORGE BENNETT AND WILLIAM TOBEY, TO HELP ME OUT."
"TEMPEST MOUNTAIN IS NAMED FOR ITS FREQUENT THUNDERSTORMS, AND THERE WAS A DOOZY BREWING THAT NIGHT."
RRRUMBLE
"THE DEMON LEGEND SEEMS TO REVOLVE AROUND THE MURDER OF JAN MARTENESE, SO WE BIVOUACKED IN HIS OLD ROOM."
"WHILE WE PREPARED THE ROOM OVER THE NEXT FEW HOURS, THE THUNDERSTORM GREW CLOSER."
"WE HAD WEAPONS, AND WE READIED AN ESCAPE ROUTE."
RRRUMBLEEEE

"EVERYTHING WAS SET AROUND NINE O'CLOCK."
"ABOUT MIDNIGHT WE ALL BEGAN FEELING DROWSY, AND WE DECIDED TO TAKE TURNS KEEPING WATCH. TOBEY WENT FIRST."
"THE INCREASING THUNDER AFFECTED MY DREAMS."
"ONCE I PARTLY AWAKED. BENNETT, SLEEPING NEXT TO ME, HAD RESTLESSLY THROWN AN ARM OVER MY CHEST."
"TOBEY WAS GONE! THE HEAVY ARM WAS STILL ACROSS MY CHEST, SO I STARTED TO TURN TO WAKE UP BENNETT WHEN..."
!!YEEEEE!
"I MUST'VE FALLEN ASLEEP AGAIN. THE NEXT THING I KNEW, THE NIGHT GREW HIDEOUS WITH SHRIEKS!"
KRAK-A-DOOM!
DEAR GOD! BENNN-ETT!

KRAK-A-DOOM!
SHRIIIEEEEE!
"BENNETT AND TOBEY WERE GONE! WITHOUT A TRACE! NOT EVEN OF A STRUGGLE!"
"I SAW IT, NATE. THE SHADOW ON THE CHIMNEY!"
IT WAS-- THE DEMON! THE LURKING FEAR-- I SAW IT!!
8


THE SUN WAS FINALLY OUT. A GOOD OMEN OR JUST A CHANGE IN AIR PRESSURE?
The Lurking Fear
chapter two
ARTHUR MUNROE IS A WRECK. HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR ELEVEN GODDAMN YEARS, AND HE'S TIGHT-ROPE WALKING THE RAZOR'S EDGE.
HE SAYS HE HAS SEEN THE SHADOW OF A DEMON. OR BIGFOOT.
CLAIMS TWO RENT-A-COPS SENT BY HIS NEWSPAPER WERE KILLED BY IT.
WHOLE TALE COULD BE A PARANOID DELUSION. THEN AGAIN, LIKE FREUD SAID, "EVEN PARANOIDS HAVE THEIR ENEMIES."
COULD ARTIE'S STORY BE TRUE? WHAT KIND OF TRUTH DRIVES A CYNIC TO THE OUTLANDS OF MADNESS?
BETTER QUESTION-- DID I REALLY NEED TO KNOW?

RESEARCH WAS THE ANSWER.
I NEEDED SOME HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL DATA.
THE MANSION WAS BUILT IN 1670 BY GERRIT MARTENSE, A DUTCH ANGLOPHOBE, WHO APPRECIATED THE SUMMIT'S ISOLATION AND BEAUTY.
ITS SOLITARY DRAWBACK WAS THE FREQUENT SUMMER THUNDERSTORMS.
MYNHEER MARTENSE FOUND THESE INJURIOUS TO HIS HEAD, AND FITTED UP A CELLAR WHERE HE COULD ESCAPE THEIR PANDEMONIUM.
GERRIT MARTENSE'S DESCENDANTS WERE REARED TO HATE THE ENGLISH, SO NOT MUCH IS KNOWN ABOUT THEM UNTIL 1754, WHEN JAN MARTENSE JOINED THE COLONIAL ARMY.
HE TOOK OFF AS SOON AS WORD OF THE ALBANY CONVENTION REACHED TEMPEST MOUNTAIN, AND WAS THE FIRST OF GERRIT'S DESCENDANTS TO LEAVE THE MANSION.

"JAN RETURNED IN 1760, HATED AS AN OUTSIDER BY HIS FATHER, UNCLES AND BROTHERS. EVENTUALLY, THE MANSION AND HIS FAMILY BEGAN TO DEPRESS HIM.
"EVEN THE THUNDERSTORMS FAILED TO INTOXICATE HIM THE WAY THEY HAD BEFORE HE LEFT. THE WAY THEY STILL THRILLED HIS FAMILY."
RRRRUMBLE
WHO'S THERE?!
SNNNITCH
YYAAARRGH !!
FATHER! DON'T!
NOOO--*!
KRAK-A-DOOM!
THE MURDER WAS SUSPECTED, BUT LEGAL EVIDENCE WAS LACKING.
DIDN'T MATTER-- THE STORY SPREAD RAPIDLY AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE. PEOPLE KNEW.

FROM THAT TIME NO ONE WOULD DEAL WITH THE MARTENSES.
SOMEHOW THEY MANAGED TO LIVE ON INDEPENDENTLY BY THE PRODUCT OF THEIR ESTATE UNTIL 1810.
THAT WAS THE LAST TIME LIGHTS WERE SEEN UP ON THE SUMMIT ANYWAY.
WEIRD. WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FAMILY. DIED OUT?
I GUESS A PARTY SEARCHED THE MANSION IN 1816. THEY DIDN'T FIND ANY SKELETONS, SO IT SEEMS THE MARTENSES MUST HAVE MOVED ON.
YOU THINK THE CLAN HAS ANY DESCENDANTS ALIVE TODAY?
MAYBE--YOU'D KNOW ONE IF YOU EVER MET ONE, THAT'S FOR SURE.
THEY MUST HAVE PROSPERED FOR AWHILE. THERE ARE A BUNCH OF IMPROVISED PENTHOUSES TACKED ON TO THE MANSION. THEIR CULTURAL LEVEL MUST HAVE BOTTOMED OUT.
THEY WERE ALL HEREDITARILY MARKED BY DISSIMILAR EYES. ONE IS GENERALLY BLUE AND THE OTHER BROWN.

AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE SURE AS HELL GOT MARTENSE BLOOD IN ME.
HOW MANY RELATIVES DO YOU HAVE, MR. JERMYN?
HUNDREDS! LISTEN, THE MARTENSES TOOK TO INTERMARRYING IN THE EARLY 18 th CENTURY!
SOME OF THE FAMILY COULDN'T STOMACH INCEST SO THEY MOVED DOWN HERE.
MOST SQUATTERS HAVE AT LEAST A LITTLE MARTENSE BLOOD IN 'EM.
YOU FOLKS ARE CONVINCED THE DEMON IS ACTUALLY JAN MARTENSE'S SPIRIT?
HELL, YEAH! MAN WAS MURDERED BY HIS OWN CLAN! NOW HE'S THIRSTY FOR VENGEANCE!
HIS SPIRIT WON'T REST UNTIL EVERY MARTENSE IS DEAD. DEAD AND COLD AND LYING UNEASY IN OUR GRAVES.

THE DEMON TAKES MANY SHAPES. SNAKE. GIANT. THUNDER-DEVIL. BAT. VULTURE. A WALKING TREE. AND IT GROWS WILD WITH THE THUNDER IN THE MARTENSE WAY!
WHAT IN HELL...?
MR. JERMYN? WHAT ARE THESE THINGS?
WHAT'CH'A THINKING, NATE?
I WAS WONDERING WHY THE GROUND UNDER THAT OTHER VILLAGE CAVED IN WHEN LIGHTNING STRUCK IT. THEN I SEE THESE MOUNDS, AND--
RRRRRRRRUMBLE
--OH, JUST GREAT!
THOSE MOUNDS? DON'T KNOW-- ALWAYS FIGURED THAT LANDSLIDE OVER THERE CAUSED 'EM SOMEHOW.

YOU TWO HEAD IN THERE!

DON'T WORRY. SHE'LL BLOW OVER SOON ENOUGH!

TERRIFIC! WHAT ELSE CAN GO WRONG TODAY?

PATTER PATTER PATTER

YOU'RE ON TO SOMETHING, AREN'T YOU, NATE? WHAT IS IT?!

WHOA, NELLIE! KISS THAT TREE GOODBYE!

PATTER PATTER

NOT SURE. THOSE MOUNDS MAKE ME WONDER IF THIS MOUNTAIN IS DEVOID OF WILD ANIMALS.

KRAK-A-DOOM!

RRRRUMBL

I CAN SEE HOW THESE THUNDERSTORMS MIGHT DRIVE YOU CRAZY!

PATTER

PATTER PATTER

"I HOPE JERMYN WAS RIGHT ABOUT THIS ONE BLOWING OVER SOON."

PATTER
PATTER
LISTEN TO THAT! THE STEEL DRUM SECTION IS QUIETING DOWN. --THE RAIN MUST BE STOPPING!
NO!
LET'S HIT THE ROAD, ARTIE. GO TAKE A GANDER AT THOSE -- HUH?
ARRRTIIEEE!!
ARTHUR MUNROE WAS DEAD. AND ON WHAT REMAINED OF HIS CHEWED AND GOUGED HEAD THERE WAS NO LONGER A FACE.

RRRR RRRRUMBLE
THIS IS ALL ARTIE'S FAULT.
THE LURKING FEAR
CHAPTER THREE
ARTHUR MUNROE. MY OLD FRATERNITY BUDDY.
ARTHUR MUNROE. THE FAMOUS PRINT JOURNALIST.
ARTHUR MUNROE. DEAD AT THE AGE OF 35. HE LEAVES BEHIND HIS PARENTS, ONE SISTER, AND ME, NATHAN TRITH.
RRUMBLEEE
ARTIE BEGGED ME TO COME TO THE CATSKILLS, HALF CRAZY WITH FEAR AFTER SEEING A DEMON THAT HAD KILLED TWO OF HIS COLLEAGUES.
JAN MARTENSE
1729-1765
I BELIEVED ARTIE'S DEMON WAS A WILD ANIMAL. I KNOW BETTER NOW.
17

THE LURKING FEAR IS NO ANIMAL, BUT A WOLF-FANGED GHOST THAT RIDES THE LIGHTNING.
IT MUST BE THE WRAITH OF JAN MARTENSE, MURDERED OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO BY HIS OWN INSANE FAMILY.
ARTIE ESCAPED ITS CLAWS ONCE. HE WASN'T AS LUCKY THIS AFTERNOON.
RRRUMBLEEEEE
YAAARRGH!

OH-- CHRIST.

WHERE'S THE BREACH?! WHERE THE HELL AM I?!!

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF! FIND A WAY OUT!

HURRY UP! GET GOING! HURRY!

JUST KEEP MOVING, NATHAN! DON'T STOP! DON'T STOP FOR...
AW, GOD-
NOOOO!
KRAK-A-DOOM!
SHRRRIIEEE!
GEEE-ZUS!

HUUUUAAH... AIR!
MY GOD... MOLEHILLS... THE DAMNED PLACE MUST BE HONEYCOMBED...
... THAT NIGHT ARTIE CAME HERE ... THEY TOOK BENNETT AND TOBEY FIRST ...
... ONE ON EACH SIDE OF HIM!

DRIP

IT'S GOT TO BE DOWN HERE! IT'S GOT-- THERE!

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

THERE! FOUND IT!

THE STORM! THE THUNDER WILL HERD THE BASTARDS OUT!

R.RRRRUMBLE

DRIP

DRIP

"ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WAIT!"

SNNITCH

SNNNITCH

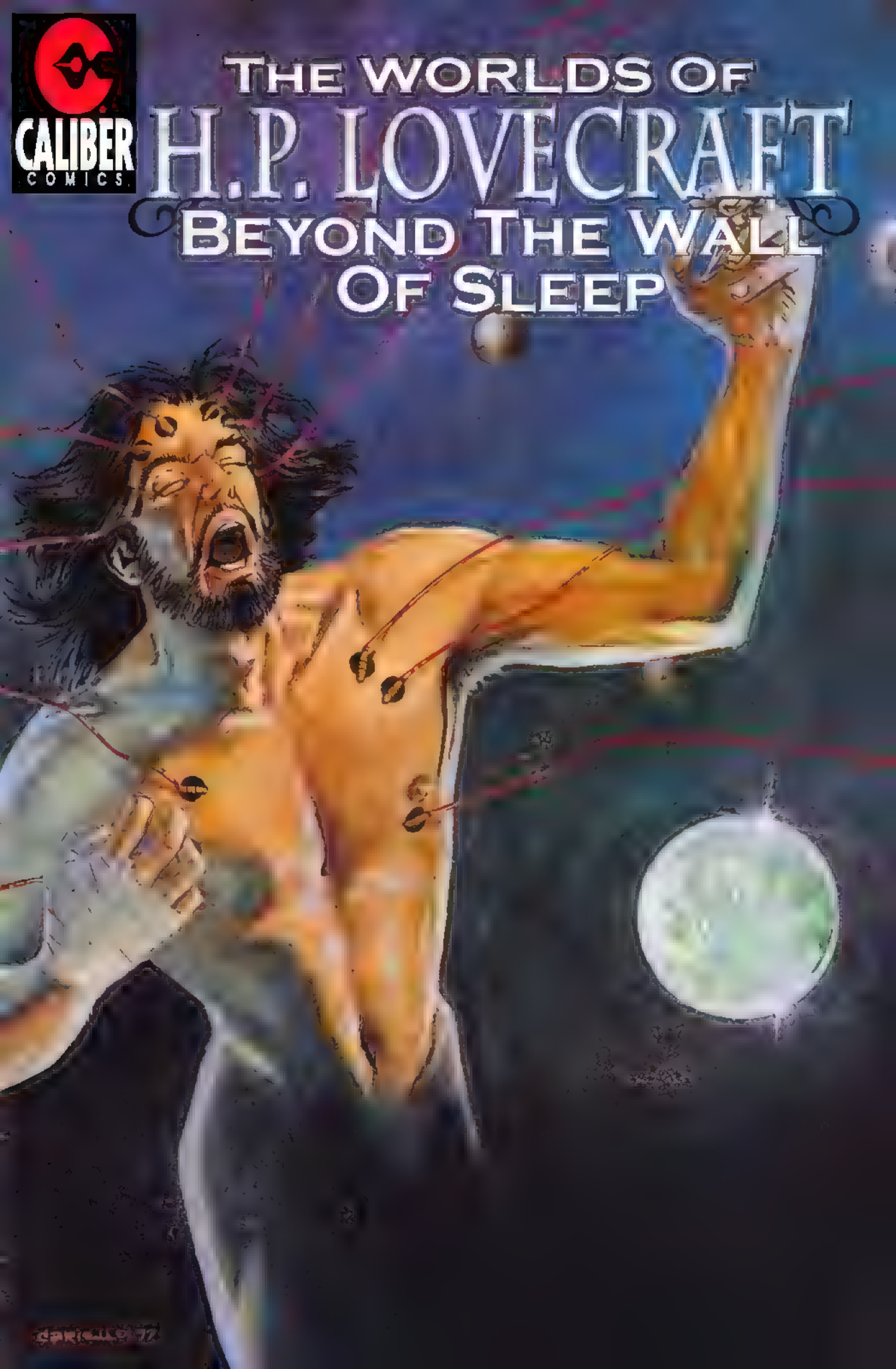
DRIP

DRIP DRIP

HERE IT COMES! HERE IT COMES!

NO! MOTHER OF GOD-- NO!
FROM THAT OPENING A BURST OF MULTITUDINOUS AND LEPROUS LIFE-- A LOATHSOME NIGHT-SPAWNED FLOOD OF ORGANIC CORRUPTION MORE DEVASTATINGLY HIDEOUS THAN THE BLACKEST CONJURATIONS OF MORTAL MADNESS AND MORBIDITY.
EETHING, STEWING, SURGING, BUBBLING IKE SERPENTS' SLIME IT ROLLED UP AND UT OF THAT YAWNING HOLE, SPREADING IKE A SEPTIC CONTAGION AND STREAMING ROM THE CELLAR AT EVERY POINT OF GRESS -- STREAMING OUT TO SCATTER HROUGH THE ACCURSED MIDNIGHT FORESTS ND STREW FEAR, MADNESS AND DEATH.
GOD KNOWS HOW MANY THERE WERE - THERE MUST HAVE BEEN THOUSANDS. TO SEE THE STREAM OF THEM IN THAT FAINT INTERMITTENT LIGHTNING WAS SHOCKING.

DRIP
DRIP
DRIP
I CHOSE THE LAST ONE FROM THE MONSTROUS PROCESSION.
KRAK-A-DOOM!
SON OF A BITCH! WHAT IN HELL ARE YOU?!
DRIP DRIP DRIP
DRIP DRIP DRIP
HOLY CHRIST -- NO. PLEASE!
I KNOW... HEAVEN HELP ME... I KNOW.
ONE EYE WAS BLUE THE OTHER BROWN, AND I KNEW WHAT HAD BECOME OF THAT VAN SHED FAMILY: THE TERRIBLE AND THUNDER-CRAZED HOUSE OF MARTENSE.
END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THE WORLDS OF H.P. LOVECRAFT

BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP

EVERYBODY DREAMS. WE DREAM OF BEING SOMETHING BETTER THAN HOW WE SEE OURSELVES. WE DREAM OF PERFORMING MIRACLES AFTER WE FALL ASLEEP. IN OUR DREAMS WE ARE...RICH, BEAUTIFUL, STRONG, BRILLIANT. IN OUR DREAMS WE CAN GLIDE LIKE EAGLES AND SWIM LIKE SHARKS. PEOPLE NEVER DIE IN THEIR DREAMS. NOT EVEN IN OUR WORST NIGHTMARES. WE ALWAYS WAKE UP IN THE NICK OF TIME TO SAVE OURSELVES. DREAMS CAN BE WONDERFUL. DREAMS CAN BE TERRIBLE. AND DREAMS CAN BE REAL. FOR ALL YOU KNOW, YOU'RE LIVING A DREAM RIGHT NOW. THAT'S A DELICIOUSLY FRIGHTENING THOUGHT! IF CLOCKS AND THE BIG BANG AND EINSTEIN ARE ALL A DREAM, THEN WHAT AWAITS BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP? IT COULD BE THE GREATEST DREAM OF ALL TO FIND OUT. AND, AS IT SO HAPPENS, WE FIND OUT WE CAN. HOW? BECAUSE THE STUFF OF DREAMS IS REAL IN THE WORLD OF...

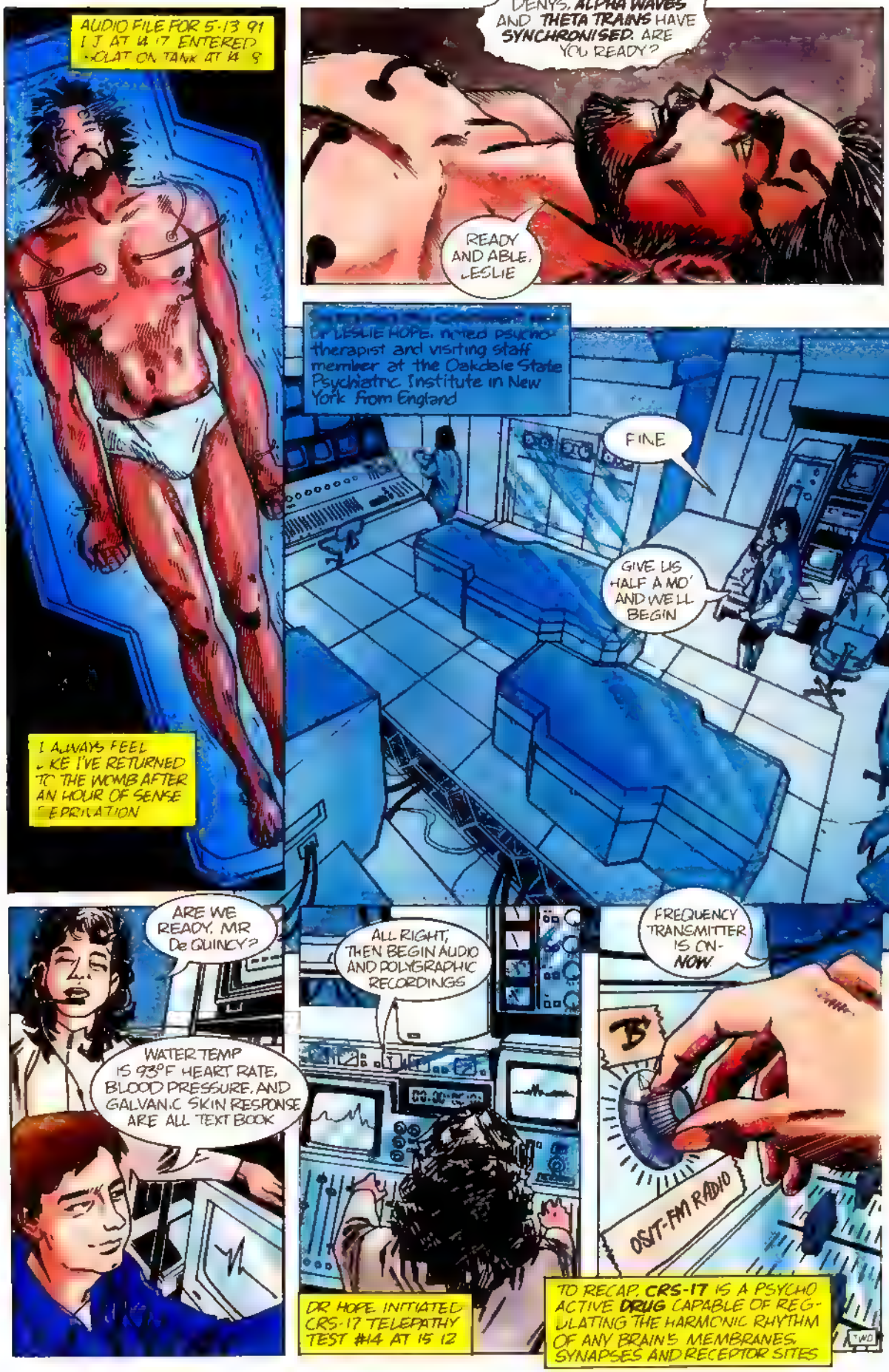
...LOVECRAFT.

STEVEN PHILIP JONES

IOWA, JANUARY, 1992

Beyond the Wall of Sleep

Chapter One


AUDIO FILE FOR 5-13 91
I J AT 14 17 ENTERED
-CLAT ON TANK AT 14 S
I ALWAYS FEEL
- KE I'VE RETURNED
TC THE WOMB AFTER
AN HOUR OF SENSE
EPRIVATION
DENYS, ALPHA WAVES AND THETA TRAINS HAVE SYNCHRONISED. ARE YOU READY?
READY AND ABLE, ESLIE
Dr LESLIE HOPE, noted psycho-therapist and visiting staff member at the Oakdale State Psychiatric Institute in New York from England
FINE
GIVE US HALF A MO' AND WE'LL BEGIN
ARE WE READY, MR De QUINCY?
WATER TEMP IS 93°F HEART RATE, BLOOD PRESSURE, AND GALVANIC SKIN RESPONSE ARE ALL TEXT BOOK
ALL RIGHT, THEN BEGIN AUDIO AND POLYGRAPHIC RECORDINGS
FREQUENCY TRANSMITTER IS ON- NOW
OSIT-FM RADIO
DR HOPE INITIATED CRS-17 TELEPATHY TEST #14 AT 15 12
TO RECAP, CRS-17 IS A PSYCHO ACTIVE DRUG CAPABLE OF REGULATING THE HARMONIC RHYTHM OF ANY BRAIN'S MEMBRANES, SYNAPSES AND RECEPTOR SITES
TWO

THE THEORY GOES IF YOU **SYNCHRONIZE** TWO BRAINS' HARMONICS AND USE B MINOR AS A PSYCHOACOUSTIC TRANSMITTER, **TELEPATHY** BECOMES FEASIBLE

FOR THE FOURTEENTH TIME, I CONCENTRATED ON A PHRASE REPEATING IT MENTALLY

UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES RECEIVING MY THOUGHTS TEMPORARILY UPSETS THE HARMONIC RHYTHMS OF THE RECEIVER'S BRAIN

"VISUAL DISPLAYS ARE CAUSED BY SPONTANEOUS EXCITATION OF THE BRAIN"

COOL

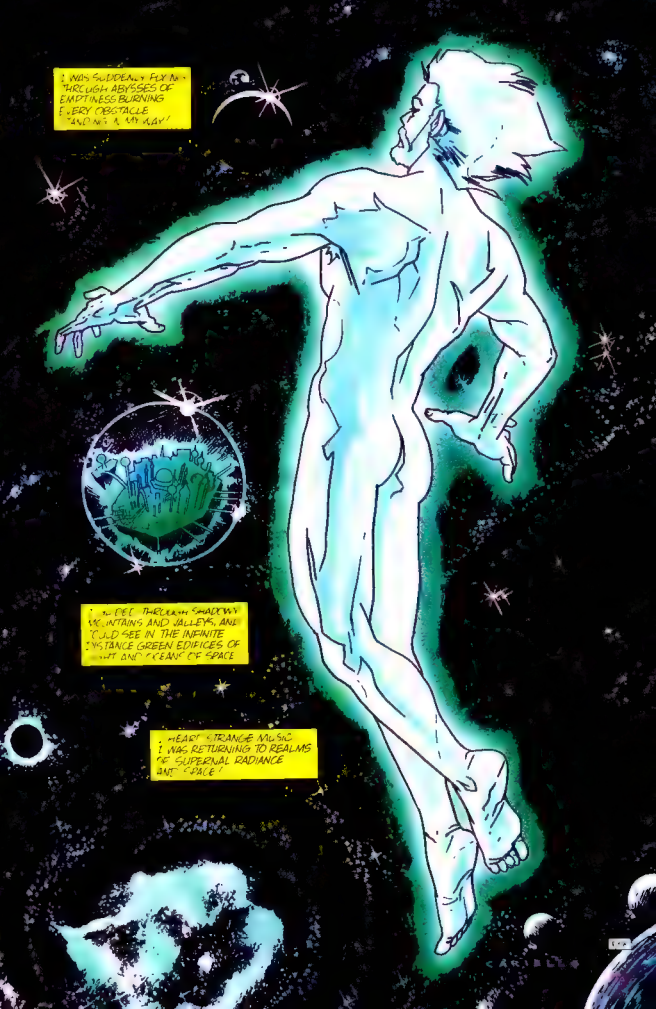
IF WE HAD RESYNCHRONIZED, I SHOULD HAVE RECEIVED SOME COTTON-CANDY THOUGHTS FROM HER

ON THIS OCCASION, HOWEVER, OUR "CONVERSATION" WAS **INTERRUPTED.**

DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL! TRANSCENDENTAL!

DENYS? WHAT IS IT? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?


I WAS SUDDENLY FLYING THROUGH ABYSSES OF EMPTINESS BURNING EVERY OBSTACLE STANDING IN MY WAY!
I GLIDED THROUGH SHADOWY MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS, AND COULD SEE IN THE INFINITE DISTANCE GREEN EDIFICES OF LIGHT AND OCEANS OF SPACE
I HEARD STRANGE MUSIC I WAS RETURNING TO REALMS OF SUPERNAL RADIANCE AND SPACE!

DR. BARRY'S MONITERS ALL JUST RED-LINED! HE'S SHOWING ACCELERATED ALPHA RHYTHMS AND INTERMITTENT ALERT PATTERNS!
BOTH OF YOU -- GET OVER HERE!
I'VE GOTTA REACH THE BIG, BIG CABIN WITH BRIGHTNESS IN THE ROOF AND WALLS AND FLOOR AND THE LOUD, QUEER MUSIC FAR AWAY.
GET HIS LID OFF! NOW!
I'VE GOTTA FIND AND KILL THE THING THAT SHINES AND SHAKES AND LAUGHS
IIYEE!
I'M GONNA JUMP HIGH IN THE AIR!
KA-BLAM!
JUMP HIGH AND BURN ANYTHING THAT STOPS ME!
GET MISS LOUFEK OUT OF HER TANK! ALERT DR. BARNARD! WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY IN THE MONITOR ROOM!

A CAT SCAN AND CEREBRAL ARTERIOGRAM FAILED TO DETECT ANY NEUROLOGICAL DAMAGE.
FINE, I'D LIKE A HALF-LIFE DETERMINATION RUN ON THE CRS-17, HOWEVER, JUST TO BE SAFE
DR BARRY, THE DIVISION OF PARAPSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY AT THE MAIMONIDES MEDICAL CENTER DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHIATRY DID INFORM ME OF THAT-- BEFORE THEY SENT YOU TO OAKDALE.
DR BARNARD, THE FDA APPROVED CRS-17 FOR THESE EXPERIMENTS
IN LIGHT OF YOUR TANTRUM WHILE UNDER CRS-17'S INFLUENCE, HOWEVER, I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW ITS HALF-LIFE. PERHAPS DISCOVER SOME ANALOGUES.
BUT SIR, THAT WILL DELAY MY EXPERIMENTS
I'M SURE I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM.
A PROPER HALF-LIFE MAY REQUIRE TESTING CRS-17 WITH NUCLEIC ACID, AND THERE'S A ONE WEEK WAIT FOR X-RAY CRYSTALLOGRAPHY
BUT IF YOU AND MAIMONIDES WISH TO CONTINUE TO USE OAKDALES FACILITIES, THEN YOU WILL FOLLOW MY RULES. CASE CLOSED.

PERSONAL FILE 18 19
OAKDALE INSTITUTE
WHY IS EVERYBODY IGNORING THE OBVIOUS HERE?
BARNARDS RIGHT A HALF-LIFE DETERMINATION SHOULD HAVE BEEN PERFORMED LONG AGO.
LOUFEK IS AN AIRHEAD CHEERLEADER NO WAY SHE COULD DREAM UP THE IMAGERY I RECEIVED.
PERHAPS YOU EXPERIENCED PRENATAL RECALL? OR A HALLUCINATION?
I DON'T BELIEVE IN THE FORMER, AND WE BOTH KNOW HALLUCINATIONS INCORPORATE THE CONSTRUCTS OF A PERSON'S ORDINARY LIFE
I'M A PSYCHOLOGIST I WOULD NEVER DREAM UP NEVER-NEVER LAND
MAYBE YOU SHOULD. SO ARE YOU SUGGESTING YOU SOMEHOW TAPPED INTO THE MIND OF A THIRD PARTY?
YOU GOT ANY BETTER SUGGESTIONS?
YES.
"SO MUCH THE BETTER" OKAY, I SURRENDER
BE PATIENT FOR ME? A LITTLE HOLIDAY WON'T KILL YOU AND IF BARNARDS TESTS DRUDGE NOTHING UP, TANT MIEUX.
SEE YOU LATER?
OF COURSE I'M OFF AT TEN SO GO HOME AND GET SOME REST YOU'LL NEED IT.

AUDIO FILE 20 43
BRRING BRRING
BRR-INNK
HELLO? LESLIE? WHAT'S UP? LISTEN, I'VE BEEN READING A REPORT BY CARL HILL OVER AT MISKATONIC MEDICAL ABOUT THIS STROKE PATIENT WITH CUSHING SYNDROME -
DENYS, SHUT YOUR GOB AND PAY ATTENTION! BARNARD HAS ME REVIEWING SOME PSYCHOGRAPHS ON NEW PATIENTS.
I'VE GOT ONE HERE ON A CHAP NAMED JOE SLAADER.
HE'S 54, LIVES IN THE CATSKILLS BACK COUNTRY, HAS A HISTORY OF VISIONS AND DELUSIONS.
POSSIBLY SUFFERING FROM DEMENTIA.
IS HIS ANTERO-POSTERIOR DIAMETER SMALLER THAN NORMAL? DUDE COULD BE SCHIZOPHRENIC
THANK YOU, EINSTEIN, I ATTENDED UNIVERSITY TOO, YOU KNOW?
STATE POLICE BROUGHT SLAADER IN HERE AROUND A QUARTER PAST THREE TODAY. SAME TIME YOU HAD YOUR DELUSION
AT THE TIME, HE WAS SCREAMING ABOUT HOW HE WAS GOING TO FLY AND BURN EVERYTHING IN HIS PATH
DENYS, COULD YOU AND THIS LOONEY HAVE LINKED TELEPATHICALLY?
OTTO

Beyond the Wall of Sleep

Chapter Two

ACCORDING TO A MACHEN COUNTY ALIENISTS REPORT, SLAADER IS TYPICALLY A CLEMENT MAN, ILLITERATE, BUT AN EXPERT HUNTER AND TRAPPER
SLAADER ALSO HAS A LIFE-LONG HISTORY OF SLIPPING INTO TRANCES IN WHICH HE PLEBEIANLY DESCRIBES ETHEREAL KINGDOMS SUCH AS I ENVISIONED THIS AFTERNOON
THESE TRANCES FREQUENTLY END VIOLENTLY, WITH SLAADER BELLOWING HE HAS BEEN DONE A GRIEVOUS WRONG BY SOME "THING" AND THAT HE WILL AVENGE HIMSELF.
ON 12-10-90, DURING A PARTICULARLY TUMULTUOUS SPELL, SLAADER BEAT ONE OF HIS CLOSEST FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS, PETER SLAADER, TO DEATH.
STATE TROOPERS FOUND JOE SLAADER IN A DISTANT RAVINE THREE DAYS LATER, LAYING UNCONSCIOUS IN THE HOLLOW OF A TREE.

MACHEN COUNTY DOCTORS HAVE SPECULATED AT LENGTH ON THE SOURCE OF SLAADER'S DELUSIONS.
SLAADER DESCRIBES THIS IMAGERY IN HIS OWN RUSTIC MANNER, ETHNOLOGICALLY, IT IS THEREFORE UNLIKELY THESE VISIONS ARE DERIVED FROM ANY KNOWN MYTH OR ROMANCE
DENNIS. I THINK YOU HAD BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS. IT'S SLAADER'S MOST RECENT PHYSICAL WORK-UP
LOOK AT THAT! HIS VITAL SIGNS ARE IN THE TOILET, AND HE'S LOST FIFTY POUNDS IN JUST FIVE MONTHS!
HE'S DYING SLOWLY
SLAADER HAS SPENT HIS WHOLE LIFE LIVING FREE OFF THE LAND HE HAS NEVER BEEN FENCED IN BY LAWS, CONTRACTS, OR EVEN A FORMAL EDUCATION
NOW HE'S CAGED! CUT OFF FROM THE ONLY WAY OF LIFE HE'S EVER KNOWN
I BELIEVE THE AMERICANISM IS "PINING AWAY."

5 17 91 TO RECAP, IT'S TAKEN ME FOUR DAYS TO COAX BARNARD TO LET ME ACTUALLY **SEE** JOE SLAADER

WHAT **TREATMENT** DID YOU PRESCRIBE FOR HIM, DR FENTON?

WE STARTED WITH DSE, BEGINNING WITH A BOLUS OF SODIUM AMYTAL TO GET HIM CALMED DOWN HE WAS AGITATED WHEN WE ADMITTED HIM.

I KEPT HIM ON AN AMYTAL DRIP AFTER THAT HE DIDN'T HAVE ANOTHER **ATTACK** UNTIL LAST NIGHT, RIGHT BEFORE HE SLIPPED INTO HIS COMA.

IS HIS **PSYCHOSIS** RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS STUPOR?

WHO THE HELL KNOWS? NOBODY'S EVEN BEEN **ABLE** TO ANALYZE THE GENESIS OF HIS DISORDER.

SLAADER'S HEART'S STRONG, BUT HIS PULSE IS WEAK. HIS PRESSURE'S DOWN, HIS BREATHING'S SHALLOW.

IF I COULD IDENTIFY HIS DEMENTIA, COULD YOU SAVE HIM?

CONFIDENTIALLY, DR BARRY, MY CONSIDERED OPINION IS JOE SLAADER IS **WILLING** HIMSELF TO DIE... AND TEN BUCKS SAYS HE'LL **SUCCEED** BEFORE SUNRISE TOMORROW.

HE **CAN'T** DIE!

HE'S A BREAKTHROUGH IN MY RESEARCH!

VERY NOBLE SENTIMENTS BUT IF YOU WANT TO SAVE HIM, DOCTOR, YOU'D BETTER CURE HIM-- AND QUICK!

5 17 91 "ONTINUED

YOU WANT TO *WHAT?*

DR. BARNARD, I SINCERELY BELIEVE EMPLOYING CRS-17 AS A PSYCHOTHERAPEUTIC DRUG IS ESSENTIAL IF WE WANT TO SAVE SLAADER'S LIFE

WHO *WANTS* TO SAVE HIM?

HE'S A CONVICTED KILLER AND COMMITTED PSYCHOPATH MACHEN COUNTY ONLY *DUMPED* SLAADER ON US BECAUSE THEY KNEW HE WAS DYING.

HELL, SLAADER EVEN *WANTS* TO DIE.

WE ALSO HAVEN'T RECEIVED THE TEST RESULTS ON CRS-17. HOW CAN WE KNOW HOW A SCHIZOID PERSONALITY WILL *REACT* TO IT?

BUT IT'S HIS *ONLY* CHANCE

HE'S IN A *COMA.*

TELEPATHY IS THE ONLY WAY TO PROBE HIS MIND AND ROOT OUT THE SOURCE OF THESE PARANOID DELUSIONS

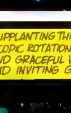
THE ANSWER IS *NO.* AND I MIGHT SUGGEST, DR BARRY, YOU START CONCERNING YOURSELF MORE WITH TELEOLOGY INSTEAD OF TELEPATHY.

END RESULT *I CRAPPED OUT.*

EVEN MY FELLOW FACULTY AT MAIMONIDES PARA-PSYCH WOULDN'T SUPPORT ME
LATER 5-18-91 02:06
I HAVE DECIDED TO PROCEED WITHOUT OFFICIAL AEGIS
CRS-17 ADMINISTERED TO SLAADER VIA GLUCOSE I.V. LINE AT 02:09. SELF-ADMINISTERED I.J. AT 02:13
SLAADER IS SLIPPING AWAY EVEN A PLOWBOY WOULDN'T ACCEPT FENTON'S TEN DOLLAR BET NOW.
LATER 03:17 HAVE MADE THREE ATTEMPTS USING B-MINOR TUNING FORK AS PSYCHOACOUSTIC TRANSMITTER. NO RESULTS YET
CC'ULD GLUCOSE HAVE DILUTED CRS...??
PERHAPS EVEN RECONSTITUTED IT?
WILL TRY TO MAKE CONTACT FOR ANOTHER HOUR. IF NOTHING HAPPENS BY THEN, I'LL CALL IT A NIGHT.
...

LATER, THE SOUND OF WEIRD LYRIC MELODY WAS WHAT **AROUSED** ME. CHORDS, VIBRATIONS, AND HARMONIC ECSTACIES ECHOED PASSIONATELY ON EVERY HAND--

--WHILE ON MY RAVISHED SIGHT **BURST** THE STUPENDOUS SPECTACLE OF ULTIMATE BEAUTY.



SUPPLANTING THIS DISPLAY AT TIMES, IN KALEIDOSCOPIC ROTATION, WERE GLIMPSES OF WIDE PLAINS AND GRACEFUL VALLEYS, HIGH MOUNTAINS AND INVITING GROTTOES.

MY BRAIN HELD THE KEY TO THESE AMAZING METAMORPHOSES, FOR EACH VISTA WAS THE ONE MY CHANGING MIND MOST WISHED TO BEHOLD.

I WAS NOT A **STRANGER** IN THIS ELYSIAN REALM. EACH SIGHT AND SOUND WAS **FAMILIAR** TO ME AS IT HAD BEEN **EONS** BEFORE AND WOULD BE LIKE FOR **ETERNITIES** TO COME.

I WAS ACCOMPANIED BY A RADIANT THEOMORPHIC BEING- A "BROTHER OF LIGHT"--

WHO SPOKE TO ME SOUL TO SOUL, WITH SILENT AND PERFECT INTERCHANGE OF THOUGHT

MY FELLOW-BEING WAS ESCAPING FROM A DEGRADING PERIODIC BONDAGE WITHIN THE HOUR TO FOLLOW HIS ACCURSED OPPRESSOR UNTO THE UTTERMOST FIELDS OF ETHER

?

YOU'RE AWAKE!

MY BRAIN BECAME AWARE OF A STEADY EXTERNAL INFLUENCE OPERATING UPON IT

EACH TRANSMITTED IDEA FORMED RAPIDLY IN MY MIND, AND ALTHOUGH NO ACTUAL LANGUAGE WAS EMPLOYED--

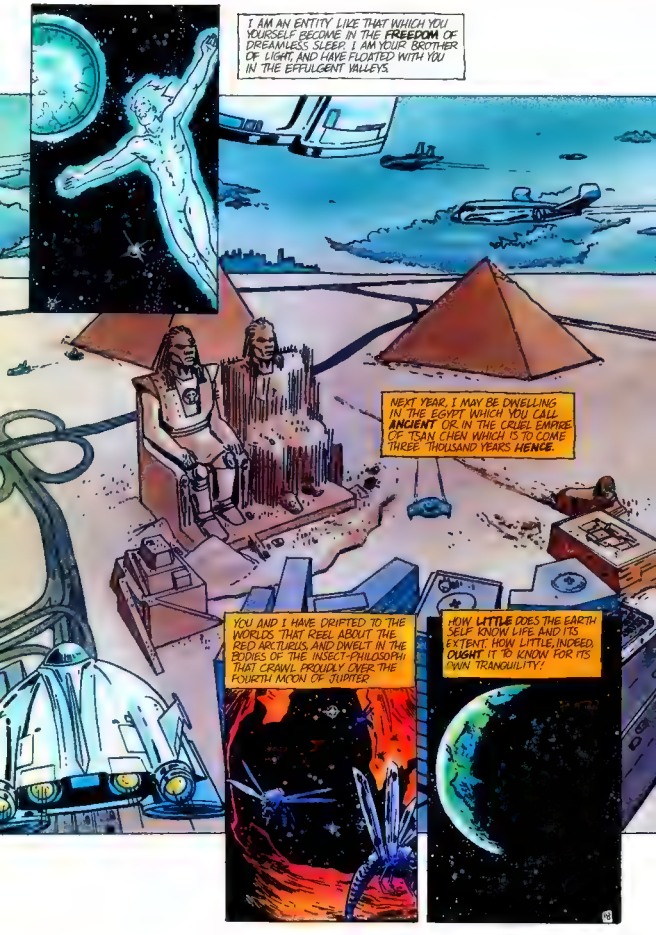
MY HABITUAL ASSOCIATION OF CONCEPTION AND EXPRESSION WAS SO GREAT, I SEEMED TO BE RECEIVING THE MESSAGE IN ORDINARY ENGLISH

JOE?

JOE SLAADER IS DEAD.

Beyond the Wall of Sleep

Chapter Three


I AM AN ENTITY LIKE THAT WHICH YOU YOURSELF BECOME IN THE **FREEDOM** OF DREAMLESS SLEEP. I AM YOUR BROTHER OF LIGHT, AND HAVE FLOATED WITH YOU IN THE EFFULGENT VALLEYS.
NEXT YEAR, I MAY BE DWELLING IN THE EGYPT WHICH YOU CALL **ANCIENT** OR, IN THE CRUEL EMPIRE OF TSAN CHEN WHICH IS TO COME THREE THOUSAND YEARS **HENCE.**
YOU AND I HAVE DRIFTED TO THE WORLDS THAT REEL ABOUT THE RED ARCTURUS, AND DWELT IN THE BODIES OF THE INSECT-PHILOSOPHI THAT CRAWL PROUDLY OVER THE FOURTH MOON OF JUPITER
HOW **LITTLE** DOES THE EARTH SELF KNOW LIFE AND ITS EXTENT. HOW LITTLE, INDEED, **OUGHT** IT TO KNOW FOR ITS OWN TRANQUILITY.

OF MY **OPPRESSOR** I CANNOT SPEAK YOU ON EARTH HAVE UNWITTINGLY FELT ITS PRESENCE - AND IDLY GAVE THE BURNING BEACON THE NAME OF **ALGOL THE DEMON-STAR**.

I IS TO MEET AND CONQUER THE OPPRESSOR THAT I HAVE VAINLY STRIVEN FOR EONS. [illegible]

[illegible] **NEMESIS** BEARING JUST AND BLAZINGLY CATA-LYSMIC VENGEANCE

WATCH FOR ME IN THE SKY, CLOSE BY THE **DEMON-STAR**.

RESERVE FOR HOSPITAL STAFF ONLY

I **CANNOT** SPEAK MUCH LONGER FOR THE BODY OF JOE SLAADER GROWS COLD AND RIGID, AND THE COARSE BRAINS ARE CEASING TO [illegible] AS I WISH

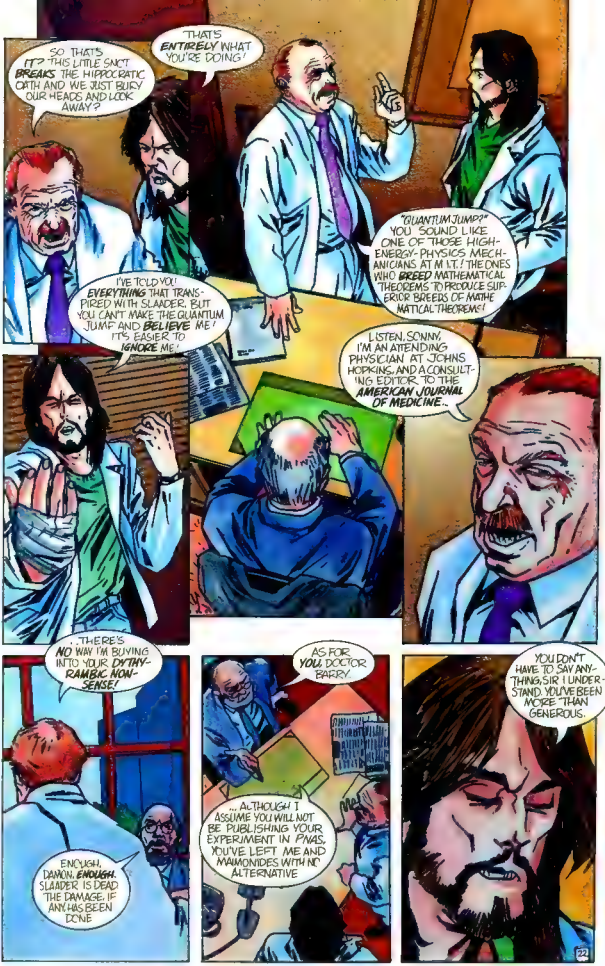
YOU HAVE BEEN MY **ONLY** FRIEND ON THIS PLANET--

- THE ONLY SOUL TO SENSE AND SEEK FOR ME WITHIN THE REPELLENT FORM WHICH I ASSUME THIS DAY!

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

PERHAPS IN THE SHINING MISTS OF ORION'S SWORD PERHAPS ON A BLEAK PLATEAU OF PREHISTORIC ASIA--
ALFRED DOE M.D.
ROOM 405
GOOD MORNING, MR. DeQUINCY
HELLO, DR. HOPE.
DENNIS?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY OFFICE?
--WHEN THE SOLAR SYSTEM SHALL HAVE BEEN SWEPT AWAY.
LESLIE HOPE M.D.
ROOM 405
I CAME TO TELL YOU A COUPLE OF THINGS MOST IMPORTANTLY THAT I LOVE YOU.
--PERHAPS IN UNREMEMBERED DREAMS TONIGHT, OR IN SOME OTHER FORM AN EON HENCE-

AUDIO FILE LATER, 12:45 I DECIDED TO WAIT FOR THE POST-MORTEM BEFORE CONFESSING MY "CONVERSATION" WITH SLAADER
HAROLD. THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! UNETHICAL!
IS THERE ANY EVIDENCE THE CRS-17 FACILITATED SLAADER'S DEATH?
NO! THE CRAZY HILLBILLY WAS LUCKY TO LAST THE NIGHT AS IT WAS!
I'VE READ THE POST-MORTEM, DR BARNARD SLAADER DID HAVE LESIONS IN THE ANTERIOR HIPPOCAMPUS AND IN THE CINGULATE GYRUS OF THE LIMBIC SYSTEM
IT'S DOUBTFUL THE CRS-17 YOU ADMINISTERED RESULTED IN THOSE, DR BARRY. NO. I SEE NO CAUSE TO REPORT THIS TO THE A.M.A.
WHAT? BARRY USED AN OAKDALE PATIENT FOR A GUINEA PIG!
PRECISELY, DAMON! AND OAKDALE SUFFERS IF WORD OF THIS INCIDENT IS REPORTED!
MAIMONIDES MEDICAL AGREES WITH ME ON THIS! WE DON'T NEED THE PUBLICITY! DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?


SO THAT'S IT? THIS LITTLE SHOT BREAKS THE HIPPOCRATIC OATH AND WE JUST BUSY OUR HEADS AND LOOK AWAY?
THAT'S ENTIRELY WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
"QUANTUM JUMPS?" YOU SOUND LIKE ONE OF THOSE HIGH-ENERGY-PHYSICS MECHANICIANS AT M.I.T./ THE ONES WHO BREED MATHEMATICAL THEOREMS TO PRODUCE SUPERIOR BREEDS OF MATHEMATICAL THEOREMS!
I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING THAT TRANSPIRED WITH SLAADER. BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE THE QUANTUM JUMP AND BELIEVE ME? IT'S EASIER TO IGNORE ME!
LISTEN, SONNY, I'M AN ATTENDING PHYSICIAN AT JOHNS HOPKINS, AND A CONSULTING EDITOR TO THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICINE...
THERE'S NO WAY I'M BUYING INTO YOUR DYTHYRAMBIC NOW-SENSE!
ENOUGH, DAMON. ENOUGH. SLAADER IS DEAD THE DAMAGE IF ANY HAS BEEN DONE
AS FOR YOU, DOCTOR BARRY
... ALTHOUGH I ASSUME YOU WILL NOT BE PUBLISHING YOUR EXPERIMENT IN FAMS. YOU'VE LEFT ME AND MAIMONIDES WITH NO ALTERNATIVE
YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING, SIR. I UNDERSTAND. YOU'VE BEEN MORE THAN GENEROUS.

PERSONAL FILE: 16 '32
SO NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
WISH I KNEW
GOOD RESEARCH JOBS ARE SCARCE THESE DAYS
I'LL BE RETURNING TO ENGLAND AFTER THE SUMMER
ESPECIALLY SINCE I CAN'T ASK MY PREVIOUS EMPLOYERS FOR REFERENCES.
I'M PRETTY HOT STUFF OVER THERE. LANDED A TEACHING JOB WITH HULL UNIVERSITY.
BET I COULD SWING A POSITION FOR YOU TOO IF YOU WANT IT.
DR HOPE! ARE YOU PROPOSING TO ME? A YOUNGER MAN?
I HAD MY DOUBTS YOU SEEMED MORE INTERESTED IN YOUR WORK THAN PEOPLE, UNTIL THIS MORNING.
I DON'T KNOW UP TO YOU
WELL OKAY!
WATCH IT, YOU WOPH! YOU'LL SPILL MY DRAFT!
END AUDIO FILE

ADDENDUM 9 29 91 NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE ADDING ANYTHING TO THIS DOSSIER
ONLY BEEN IN ENGLAND A WEEK, AND I'M STILL GETTING ACCLIMATED
LESLIES GONE TO CHURCH FOR THE MICHAELMAS
IT'S JUST AS WELL NO ONE NEEDS TO KNOW THIS BUT ME
EVER SINCE THAT NIGHT SLAADER DIED, I'VE WONDERED, "WAS IT ALL A DREAM?" IT WAS SO FANTASTIC!
CAPIELLO
WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, NOW I KNOW.
NOW I KNOW FOR SURE.
THE NEW STAR: NOVA PERSEI.
On May 29, 1991, a marvelous new star was discovered by Doctor Garret P Anderson of Edinburgh, not very far from Algol. No star had been visible at that point before. Within twenty-four hours the stranger had become so bright that it outshone Capella In a week or two it had visibly faded, and in the course of a few months it was hardly discernable with the naked eye.
Galaxtech Magazine
september 1991
fini
CAPIELLO

CALIBER COMICS

THE WORLDS OF H.P. LOVECRAFT

THE TOMB

ADVENTURE COMICS
#3
$2.95
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H.P.
The Master Of Horror!
LOVECRAFT
HYDE
THE TOMB

THE WORLDS OF H.P. LOVECRAFT

THE TOMB

"For the most wild, yet most homely narrative which I am about to pen, I neither expect nor solicit belief." So starts Edgar Allan Poe's The Black Cat, a most elegant and disturbing story about indiscriminate evil. Tales about monsters are easy comprehend. If somebody gets killed, blame it on the vampire or the werewolf and don't bother wondering why somebody got killed. Monsters are just evil and tend to do such things. But ghost stories are a different matter. Ghosts tend to conjure up questions about sanity and reality. "Are you sure you saw a ghost?" one character asks another. "Couldn't you have seen something you thought was a ghost?" The problem is no two people perceive reality the same way. What one person considers essential another discerns as trivial and chooses to ignore. One person will calculate the extaordinary result of a chain of events and conclude a coincidence has occurred; another person will decide a miracle has taken place. You may consider this splitting hairs, but it is an important consideration to keep in mind while debating reasons for the extinction of the dinosaur or the 1908 catastrophe in Tunguska in Central Siberia. To believe in a ghost requires faith, But, as Shakespeare suggested in his Grand Guignol play, Macbeth, faith "stands not within the prospect of belief." When events turn bad in ghost story, just who is the culprit? Realty? Insanity? Or the supernatural? Sometimes it's hard to tell. Where does madness end and reality begin? An important question, especially in the shadowy, holistic netherworld of...

...Lovercraft.

Steven Philip Jones

Iowa, June 1991

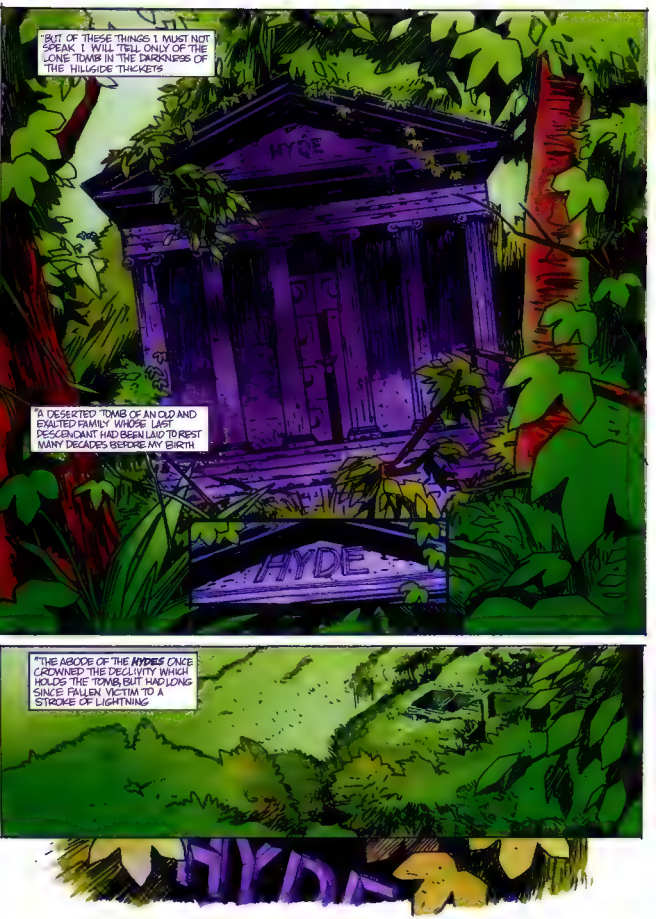
the TOMB
CASTLE COUNTY MENTAL INSTITUTE
RHODE ISLAND, 1963
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
ENTER

DR. FLECHSIG! I COMPLETELY FORGOT ABOUT OUR APPOINTMENT. I'M SORRY
QUITE ALL RIGHT, JERVIS. I SEE YOU'RE INVOLVED WITH ANOTHER BOOK
"MEMOIRS OF MY NERVOUS ILLNESS" BY DR. SCHREIBER?
YOU'VE HEARD OF IT?
CERTAINLY. IT WAS REQUIRED IN COLLEGE. BUT WHY ARE YOU READING IT?
CURIOSITY. MY FAMILY BELIEVES ME UNBALANCED. I DISAGREE. PERHAPS BY READING THE MEMOIRS OF A NEUROTIC I CAN RESOLVE THIS ISSUE - FOR MYSELF IF NO ONE ELSE
Memoirs of My Nervous Illness
I'LL FOLLOW UP WITH FREUD'S OWN NOTES ON THE CASE. NATURALLY
I'D BE GRATEFUL FOR ANY OF YOUR THOUGHTS TOO, DR. FLECHSIG
FREUD CAN BE INTRIGUING, BUT HIS SYMBOLISM OFTEN STRIKES ME AS PUERILE.
SPEAKING OF MEMOIRS, HERE ARE THOSE NOTES YOU REQUESTED
©

I WROTE DOWN EVERYTHING AS BEST I COULD REMEMBER
THANK YOU, JEEVES. I DON'T RECALL SEEING THAT THERE BEFORE
THIS FIGURINE? IT'S AUTHENTIC 18th CENTURY KINGSTON PORCELAIN. I'VE BEEN PESTERING FATHER TO POST IT TO ME
I MUST SAY, THE LIKE-NESS BETWEEN YOU AND IT--
--IS ABSOLUTELY EXTRAORDINARY.
HOW DID YOU ACQUIRE IT?
DIVINE DISCLOSURE IS ALL IN MY NOTES
THEN MAYBE I SHOULD GET RIGHT TO THEM, AND LET YOU RETURN TO YOUR BOOK
FINE UNTIL LATER, DOCTOR.

HELLO? YES. THANK YOU FOR SPEAKING WITH ME. MR DUDLEY NO. JERVAS IS FINE
YOUR SON IS A **MODEL** PATIENT NO 1. WAS HOPING YOU COULD TELL ME ANY-THING ABOUT THE **FIGURINE** YOU MAILED TO HIM.
MM-HM YES, THAT ONE. I SEE. WHATS THAT? OH, NO PARTICULAR REASON. I WAS JUST **CURIOUS**. YES, IT IS A **REMARKABLE** RESEMBLANCE
YOU'VE BEEN **VERY** HELPFUL, MR DUDLEY. THANK YOU. GOOD DAY TO YOU TOO SIR
"I AM AWARE THAT MY PRESENT POSITION
I WILL CREATE A NATURAL **DOUBT** OF THE **AUTHENTICITY** OF MY NARRATIVE. HOWEVER, A MAN OF BROADER INTELLECT SHOULD KNOW THAT THERE IS NO SHARP DISTINCTION BETWIXT THE **REAL** AND THE **UNREAL**.

MY NAME IS JERVAS DUDLEY AND FROM EARLIEST CHILDHOOD I HAVE BEEN A DREAMER AND A VISIONARY
*WEALTHY BEYOND THE NECESSITY OF A COMMERCIAL LIFE
*--AND TEMPERAMENTALLY UNFITTED FOR THE FORMAL STUDIES AND SOCIAL RECREATIONS OF MY ACQUAINTANCES--
*--I HAVE DWELT IN REALMS APART FROM THE VISIBLE WORLD
*CLOSE BY MY ANCESTRAL HOUSE THERE LIES A SINGULAR WOODED HOLLOW, IN WHOSE TWILIGHT DEEPS I SPENT MOST OF MY TIME, READING, THINKING, AND DREAMING
*WELL DO I KNOW THE PRESIDING DRYADS OF THOSE TREES
*OFTEN HAVE I WATCHED THEIR WILD DANCES IN THE STRUGGLING BEAMS OF A WANING MOON


"BUT OF THESE THINGS I MUST NOT SPEAK. I WILL TELL ONLY OF THE LONE TOMB IN THE DARKNESS OF THE HILLSIDE THICKETS
HYDE
"A DESERTED TOMB OF AN OLD AND EXALTED FAMILY WHOSE LAST DESCENDANT HAD BEEN LAID TO REST MANY DECADES BEFORE MY BIRTH
HYDE
"THE ABODE OF THE HYDES ONCE CROWNED THE DECLIVITY WHICH HOLDS THE TOMB, BUT HAD LONG SINCE FALLEN VICTIM TO A STROKE OF LIGHTNING

HYDE
"I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE NIGHT WHEN I FIRST STUMBLED UPON THE HALF-HIDDEN HOUSE OF DEATH
"IN YEARS A CHILD OF TEN, I HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT I HAD DISCOVERED. I RESOLVED TO ENTER, BUT THE PONDEROUS CHAIN BARRED MY PASSAGE
"AT FIRST CURIOUS, I BECAME FRANTIC, AND SWORE TO THE HUNDRED GODS OF THE GROVE THAT AT ANY COST I WOULD SOMEDAY FORCE AN ENTRANCE INTO THE BECKONING GLOOM
"A FEW DAYS LATER, I STUMBLED UPON A WORM-EATEN TRANSLATION OF PLUTARCH'S LIVES IN THE ATTIC OF MY HOUSE.
"I WAS IMPRESSED BY THE PASSAGE ABOUT THE GREAT STONE BENEATH WHICH THESEUS WAS TO FIND HIS TOKENS OF DESTINY WHENEVER HE SHOULD BECOME OLD ENOUGH TO LIFT ITS ENORMOUS WEIGHT.

"THE MONTHS FOLLOWING MY DISCOVERY WERE SPENT IN INQUIRIES REGARDING THE NATURE AND HISTORY OF THE HYDES
WASHINGTON RESTAURANT
Pennies BARBER SHOP
LIQUORS
"MUMBLED TALES OF THE WEIRD RITES AND GODLESS REVELS OF BYGONE YEARS IN THE ANCIENT HALL
"SOME CLAIMED THE LIGHTNING THAT DESTROYED THE MANSION WAS "DIVINE WRATH"
"I WOULD ALSO SOMETIMES RISE VERY QUIETLY IN THE NIGHT, STEALING OUT TO WALK IN CHURCHYARDS AND PLACES OF BURIAL
"I KNOW THAT ON THE DAY AFTER SUCH A NOCTURNAL RAMBLE--
"WHAT I DID THERE, I MUST NOT SAY
"I WOULD OFTEN ASTONISH THOSE ABOUT ME WITH KNOWLEDGE OF TOPICS ALMOST FORGOTTEN FOR GENERATIONS
RESTAURANT
THE UNDERTAKER, GOODMAN SIMPSON, STOLE SQUIRE BREWSTER'S SILVER BUCKLED SHOES BEFORE BURIAL
THAT'S NOT THE WORST OF IT. THE SQUIRE WAS NOT FULLY MANIMATE WHEN SIMPSON BURIED HIM
HE TURNED TWICE IN HIS MOUND-COVERED COFFIN ON THE DAY AFTER HIS INTERMENT

THE TOMB

CHAPTER 2

A FASCINATION THAT IS POSSESSIVE BORDERING ON THE GOTHIC.
BEING INDEED STIMULATED BY THE GENEALOGICAL DISCOVERY THAT MY OWN MATERNAL ANCESTRY POSSESSED A SLIGHT LINK WITH THE SUPPOSEDLY EXTINCT FAMILY OF THE HYDES
"LAST OF MY PATERNAL RACE, I WAS LIKEWISE THE LAST OF THIS OLDER AND MORE MYSTERIOUS LINE
HYDE
"I BEGAN TO FEEL THAT THE TOMB WAS MINE, AND TO LOOK FORWARD TO THE TIME WHEN I MIGHT PASS WITHIN THAT STONE DOOR--
"--AND DOWN THOSE SLIMY STONE STEPS IN THE DARK.

"BY THE TIME I CAME OF AGE, I HAD MADE A SMALL **CLEARING** IN THE THICKET BEFORE THE MOLD-STAINED FACADE OF THE HILLSIDE

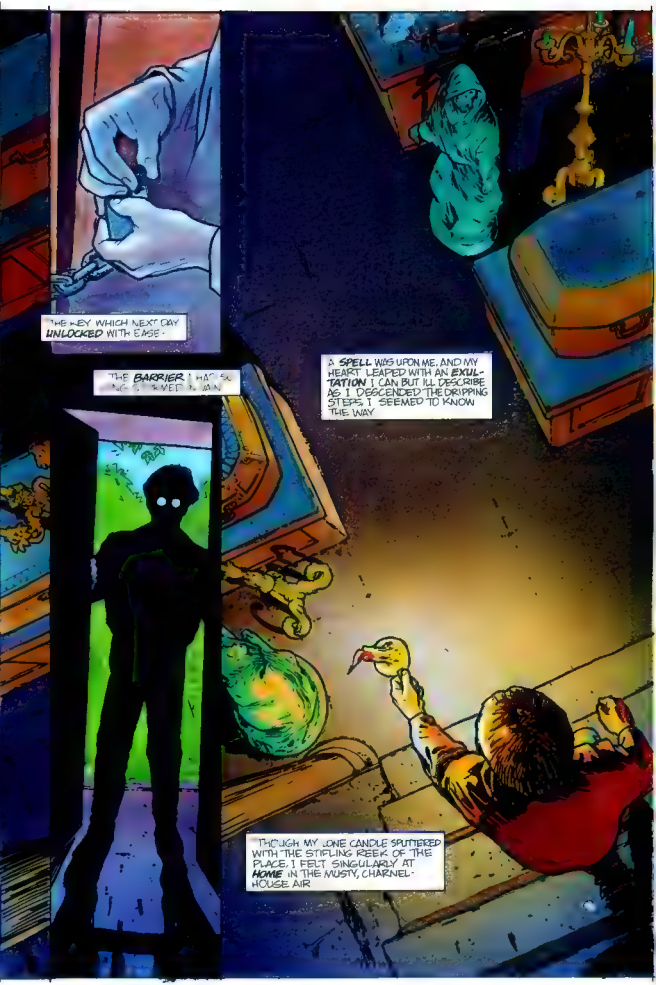
"THAT WAS THE NIGHT OF MY FIRST **REVELATION**. I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP FROM FATIGUE --

"AS I AWOKE, I BARELY FANCIED A **LIGHT** HAD BEEN EXTINGUISHED WITHIN THE SUNKEN SEPULCHER.

"--FOR IT WAS WITH A DISTINCT SENSE OF **AWAKENING** THAT I HEARD THE VOICES

"I WAS NEITHER ASTOUNDED NOR PANIC-STRICKEN, BUT I WAS PERMANENTLY **CHANGED** THAT NIGHT.

"UPON RETURNING HOME I WENT WITH MUCH **DIRECTNESS** TO A ROTTING CHEST IN THE ATTIC WHERE I FOUND A KEY


THE KEY WHICH NEXT DAY UNLOCKED WITH EASE.
THE BARRIER I MADE SO
A SPELL WAS UPON ME, AND MY HEART LEAPED WITH AN EXULTATION! I CAN BUT ILL DESCRIBE AS I DESCENDED THE DRIPPING STEPS, I SEEMED TO KNOW THE WAY
THOUGH MY LONE CANDLE SPUTTERED WITH THE STIFLING REEK OF THE PLACE, I FELT SINGULARLY AT HOME IN THE MUSTY, CHARNEL-HOUSE AIR

Sir Geoffrey
1594 - 1647
Arrived from Sussex 1640
HELLO? WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE ALL BY YOURSELF?
ARE YOU LOST? WHO DO YOU BELONG TO?
HUH?
WHY-- OF COURSE!
HAHAHAHA!

"IN THE GREY LIGHT OF DAWN I STAGGERED FROM THE VAULT AND LOCKED THE CHAIN OF THE DOOR BEHIND ME."
HAS ANYONE TOLD JERVAS HIS BREAKFAST IS READY?
THE SERVANTS SHOULD HAVE BY NOW
♫ COME HITHER, MY LADS, WITH YOUR TANKARDS OF ALE AND DRINK TO THE PRESENT BEFORE IT SHOULD FAIL.
WHAT'S THAT SINGING?
GOOD CHEER TO YOU, MAMA! PAPA!
♫ I PILE EACH ON YOUR PLATTER A MOUNTAIN OF BEEF FOR 'TIS EATING AND DRINKING THAT BRINGS US RELIEF -- ♫
SO FILL UP YOUR GLASS, FOR LIFE WILL SOON PASS --
WHEN YOU'RE DEAD YE'LL NE'ER DRINK TO YOUR KING OR YOUR LASS!
JERVAS! WHAT IN HELL ARE YOU DOING?
"A QUEER BOLDNESS AND RECKLESSNESS CAME INTO MY DEMEANOR."

"ABOUT THIS TIME I ALSO CONCEIVED MY PRESENT **FEAR** OF **FIRE** AND **THUNDERSTORMS**.

"PREVIOUSLY **INDIFFERENT** TO SUCH THINGS, I WOULD NOW RETIRE TO THE INNERMOST RECESSES OF THE HOUSE

"A FAVORITE HAUNT OF MINE DURING CLOUDLESS DAYS WAS THE RUINED CELLAR OF THE MANSION THAT HAD BURNED DOWN

"ON ONE OCCASION I STARTLED MY MOTHER BY LEADING HER **CONFIDENTLY** TO A SHALLOW SUBCELLAR WHOSE EXISTENCE HAD BEEN FORGOTTEN FOR MANY GENERATIONS

"AT LAST CAME THAT WHICH I HAD LONG FEARED

"MY PARENTS COMMENCED TO EXERT OVER MY MOVEMENTS A KINDLY **ESPIONAGE**."

?

SNAP!

HYDE

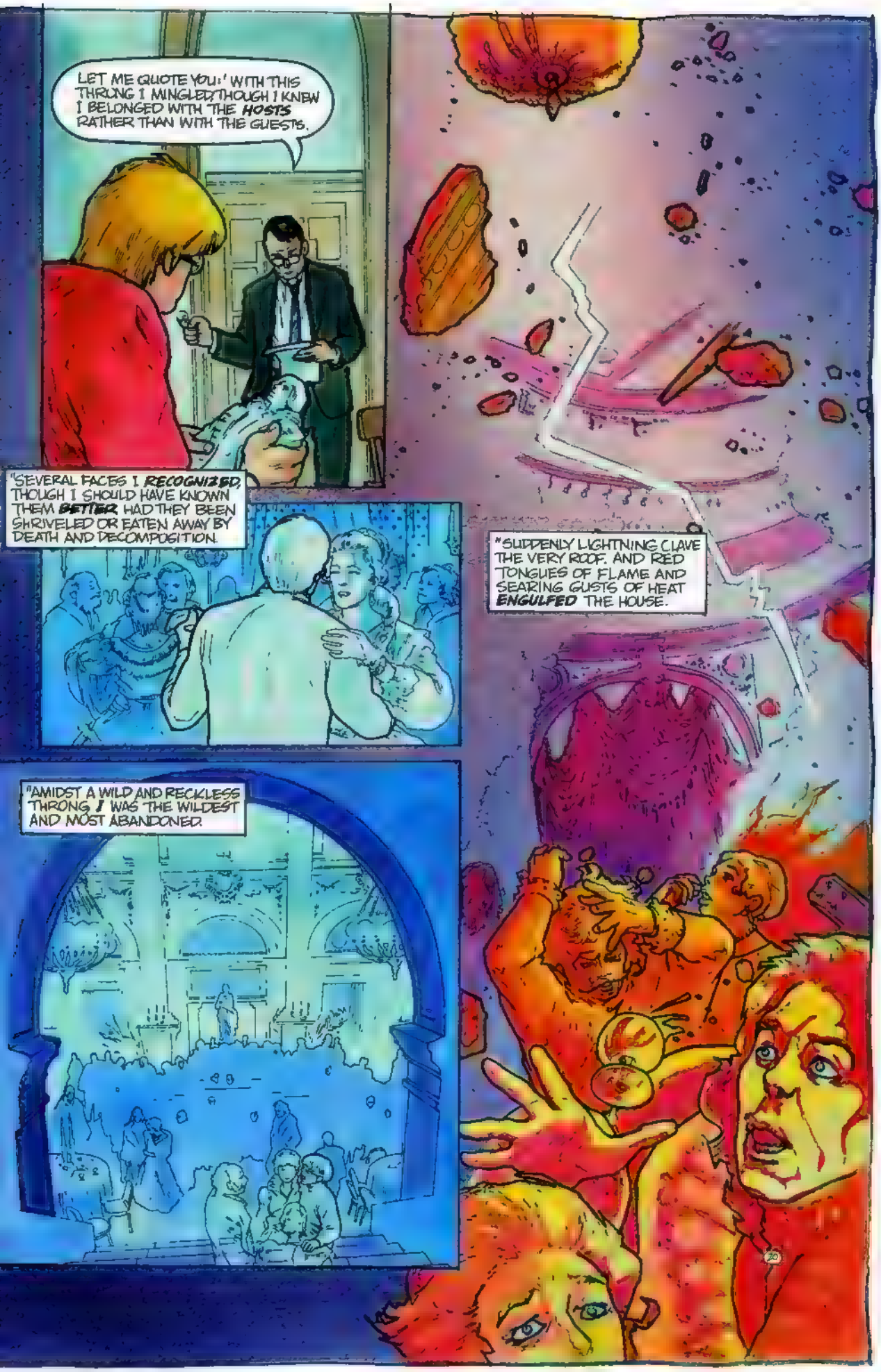
IS ANYBODY OUT THERE?

AN OLD TOMB? HE SPENT THE NIGHT IN A CRYPT?
YES INDEED MR. DUDLEY MY EYES NEVER LEFT HIM
I FIGURED I TRAMPED EVERY INCH OF THE HOLLOW BACK OF YOUR PLACE HERE
BUT YOUR BOY LEAD ME TO A BOWER I AIN'T SEEN BEFORE
THAT'S WHERE THIS VAULT IS NAME ON IT READS "HYDE"
THAT FAMILY LIVED ON THE HILL THIS VAULT IS BUILT INTO REAL WILD PACK
THEIR PLACE BURNED DOWN WHEN A BOLT OF LIGHTNING HIT IT SOON AFTER JOHN ADAMS BECAME PRESIDENT
THE LAST HYDE DIED MAYBE FIFTY YEARS BACK
WHAT DID MY SON DO AT THIS CRYPT ALL NIGHT?
WELL SIR, THAT'S THE CURIOUS THING
HE SPENT THE WHOLE NIGHT IN THE BOWER OUTSIDE THE TOMB JUST LAID THERE STARING AT IT LIKE HE WAS IN A TRANCE!

CASTLE COUNTY MENTAL INSTITUTE RHODE ISLAND 1953
THE TOMB
CHAPTER 3
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME DO YOU, DR FLECHSIG?
I BELIEVE YOU BELIEVE THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED, JERVIS BUT I CAN'T

BUT WHY?
WHY MUST YOU CONDEMN MY FLASHES OF SUPERSIGHT WHICH PENETRATE THE COMMON VEIL OF OBVIOUS EMPIRICISM, AS MADNESS?
BOOKS - NOT PEOPLE - BECAME YOUR CLOSEST COMPANIONS
YOU'RE VERY IMAGINATIVE AND SEEM HAPPIEST WHEN EXERCISING YOUR IMAGINATION IN THE WOODED HOLLOW BEHIND YOUR FAMILY'S ESTATE
ARE YOU MAD? YOU'VE EXHIBITED VERY FEW CHARACTERISTICS OF DEMENTIA, INSANITY, OR LUNACY
YOUR NEUROSIS IS EVIDENT ONLY BY YOUR FIXATION ON THIS TOMB
ON THE OTHER HAND, YOUR NOTES SUGGEST THAT YOUR PARENTS RARELY DEMONSTRATED EMPATHY TO EACH OTHER OR TOWARD YOU WHEN YOU WERE A CHILD
REDIRECTING EMOTIONS IS COMPLETELY NATURAL. YOU ONLY NEED TO LEARN HOW TO EXPRESS YOURSELF TO PEOPLE AND NOT OBJECTS.
ARE YOU SUGGESTING I "ADOPTED" THE HYDES?
I CREATED AN ARTIFICIAL FAMILY FOR MYSELF OUT OF A COLLECTION OF CADAVERS?
CONSIDER THAT YOU DISCOVERED THIS TOMB IN THAT HOLLOW LATELY. YOU LEARNED YOU WERE MATERNALLY RELATED TO ITS VANISHED FAMILY
DOCTOR, MY SUPPOSITION IS BASED ON PHYSICAL EVIDENCE

SUCH AS WHAT? A TOMB KEY YOU SAY YOU DIVINED THE LOCATION OF
A KEY YOU CLAIM TO HAVE LOST AND NO ONE ELSE HAS EVER SEEN
YOU'RE AN OMNIVOROUS READER, JERVAS. RESEARCH MOST LIKELY UNCONSCIOUSLY UNVEILED THE SUBCELLAR AND YOUR NECROMANTIC REVELATIONS
SO YOU BELIEVE WHAT ABOUT THE NIGHT WE FOUND MY FIGURINE, AND THE VISIONS I EXPERIENCED?
PROBABLY A DELUSION TRIGGERED BY YOUR PHOBIA OF THUNDERSTORMS
YOU SAID YOU HEARD THE CALL OF THE DEAD THAT NIGHT. ONLY ON THIS OCCASION IT DIDN'T COME FROM THE TOMB
AT LAME FROM THE HYDES' MANSION, ITS CENTURY-OLD RUINS MIRACULOUSLY AND SUDDENLY RESTORED, THE COACHES OF BOSTON GENTRY ROLL UP TO ITS DRIVE


LET ME QUOTE YOU:' WITH THIS THRONG I MINGLED/THOUGH I KNEW I BELONGED WITH THE HOSTS RATHER THAN WITH THE GUESTS.
"SEVERAL FACES I RECOGNIZED, THOUGH I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEM BETTER HAD THEY BEEN SHRIVELED OR EATEN AWAY BY DEATH AND DECOMPOSITION.
"AMIDST A WILD AND RECKLESS THRONG I WAS THE WILDEST AND MOST ABANDONED.
"SUDDENLY LIGHTNING CLAVE THE VERY ROOF. AND RED TONGUES OF FLAME AND SEARING GUSTS OF HEAT ENGULFED THE HOUSE.

"THE ROISTERERS FLED SHRIEKING INTO THE NIGHT

"AND THEN A **SECOND** HORROR TOOK POSSESSION OF MY SOUL BURNT ALIVE TO ASHES, MY BODY **DISPERSED** BY THE FOUR WINDS—

"I ALONE REMAINED, RIVETED BY MY GROVELING FEAR

"I MIGHT NOT LIE IN THE TOMB OF THE HYDES!

"WAS MY COFFIN NOT **PREPARED** FOR ME?

"HAD I NOT A **RIGHT** TO REST 'TIL ETERNITY AMONGST THE DESCENDANTS OF SIR GEOFFREY HYDE? AYE!

"I WOULD CLAIM MY **HERITAGE** OF DEATH, EVEN THOUGH MY SOUL GO SEEKING THROUGH THE AGES FOR ANOTHER CORPOREAL TENEMENT TO REPRESENT IT IN THAT VACANT COFFIN.

"**JERVAS HYDE** SHOULD NEVER SHARE THE SAD FATE OF PALINURUS!"

JH

JERVAS, "HYDE?" YES, THIS DOES SOUND LIKE AN ADOPTION TO ME
AND I STILL HAVEN'T SEEN ANY HARD EVIDENCE
THERE WAS A STORM THAT NIGHT!
AND LIGHTNING DID STRIKE THE CELLAR, UNCOVERING A SMALL BOX AND BREAKING ITS FASTENINGS.
THIS WAS FOUND INSIDE. IT IS NO DELUSION, AND I HAVE WITNESSES TO PROVE RESEARCH DID NOT REVEAL ITS HIDING PLACE.
HAPPENSTANCE. NOT DIVINE DISCLOSURE. EXPOSED THE FIGURINE AND YOUR WITNESSES ALSO FOUND YOU RAVING IN THE CELLAR THAT NIGHT.
YOU COULDN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE YOUR FATHER.
SUPPOSE I'M RIGHT, DR. FLECHSIG.
JERVAS, YOU'RE YOUNG, INTELLIGENT, AND IMAGINATIVE. THIS LIFE HAS A LOT TO OFFER YOU - BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO ACCEPT REALITY AS IT EXISTS.
COULD YOU EVER LEARN TO LIVE WITH REALITY AS IT TRULY EXISTS? THAT'S SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO KNOW.
I'M SORRY, BUT YOUR "EVIDENCE" DOES NOT SUPPORT REINCARNATION.
THEN I DON'T KNOW HOW ELSE I CAN CONVINCE YOU.

1 APRIL 1953
DEAR DR FLECHKIN,
MY WIFE AND I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING YOU'RE DOING FOR OUR SON. WE PRAY HE WILL SOMEDAY FORSAKE HIS PEERS ON AND RETURN HOME
"NOW THAT THE WEATHER'S BETTER, I RECENTLY VISITED THE HYDES' TOMB, AS JERVAS HAS BEEN ASKING ME TO ALL WINTER.
"FOR YOUR INFORMATION, AT NO TIME COULD HE HAVE PASSED THE CHAIN PORTAL. ITS RUSTED PADLOCK HASN'T BEEN TOUCHED IN FIFTY YEARS.
ELSE. AT MY SON'S REQUEST, I GAINED ACCESS INTO THE TOMB TO BE HONEST, ITS VAULT RESEMBLES JERVAS' SPECULATIONS QUITE ...VELY

"I WAS SURPRISED TO DISCOVER A VACANT COFFIN IN AN ALCOVE
"I HAVE CONSIDERED WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT NOT DISPLAYING MORE AFFECTION TOWARDS JERVAS
"I AM A NINTH-GENERATION NEW ENGLANDER, AND SUCH IS MY WAY. I CAN ONLY HOPE THIS ATTITUDE HAS NOT CONTRIBUTED TO MY BOY'S WELROSE
"FORGIVE ME, HOWEVER, IF I CHOOSE TO BELIEVE FATE AND COINCIDENCE CONSPIRED TO PLAY A GREATER ROLE IN THIS AFFAIR THAN MY RETICENT NATURE
"OF ONE THING I AM CERTAIN. IN THAT VACANT COFFIN IN THE VAULT OF THE HYDES I HAVE PROMISED MY SON HE SHALL BE BURIED."
JERVAS
INTING

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IT HAS BEEN A LOVELY JOURNEY THROUGH THIS DARK AND FANTASTICAL LANDSCAPE, AND I HOPE WE MAY MEET HERE AGAIN SOME TIME SOON. UNTIL THAT SOMEDAY-MAYBE-NEVER, I HOPE YOU WILL NEVER FORGET YOUR TIME SPENT WITHIN THIS BLASTED REALM OF MONSTERS, THIS TRANSLUCENT DOMAIN OF DREAMS, THIS CHERISHED EMPIRE OF ADVENTURERS AND WIZARDS.

THIS WORLD.

THIS EXPANSE.

THIS STATE OF IMAGINATION KNOWN AS...

...LOVECRAFT.

STEVEN PHILIP JONES

CHAPITRE UN:
"La Malediction de les Chabrillanes"
The CURSE of the CHABRILLANES
H.P. Lovecraft's
The Alchemist
RUE DU HASARD: DANGER STREET, PARIS.
WHERE IS IT?
WHERE-- THERE IT IS
Bethany Capuchin
Maitre en Salle d'armes des Academies du Roi.
1
"A FENCING MASTER OF THE ACADEMIES OF THE KING."

LET US BEGIN AGAIN COME / THE WARD OF TIERCE--
--MAKE THE COUPE AND THEN THE QUINTE PAR DESSUS LES ARMES
O, MAIS ALLONGEZ! ALLONGEZ! ALEEZ AU FOND!
REMEMBER THE HAND IN PRO-NATION, THE ELBOW NOT TOO FAR OUT
ON WEDNESDAY, WE SHALL SEE YOU TIER AU MUR.
M. CAPUCHIN? MAY I SPEAK WITH YOU? I AM...
YOU ARE THE COUNT de CHABRILLANE
WHY-- YES BUT HOW ?
I'M SORRY I HAVENT REPLIED TO YOUR LETTERS BUT I'VE ONLY RETURNED FROM SIBERIA JUST LAST WEEK

MORE PRECISELY, I WAS IN TUNGUSKA, ALTHOUGH CZAR NICHOLAS II WOULD HAVE EXECRATED ME IF HE HAD KNOWN OF MY PRESENCE THERE
IT WAS A FASCINATING ADVENTURE, ALMOST AS BEWITCHING AS THE BASKERVILLIAN CURSE YOU'VE WRITTEN OF TO ME
MY DEAR COUNT, YOU'VE DISPATCHED NO LESS THAN TWO LETTERS TO ME DURING EACH OF THE PAST FOUR MONTHS
BUT SIR--HOW DID YOU KNOW WHO I WAS?
ANYONE FAMILIAR WITH FRENCH NOBILITY IS AWARE BRITTANY'S CHABRILLANES ARE SUCCUMBING TO POVERTY YOUR IDENTITY WAS OBVIOUS
TO YOUR HEALTH, SIR!
EACH LETTER WAS POSTMARKED FROM NANTES, AND YOUR ACCENT BETRAYS YOUR WESTERN UP-BRINGING.
YOU'RE ALSO AN EDUCATED MAN OF NOBLE BEARING, BUT YOUR CLOTHES ARE WEARY, INDICATING THAT YOU HAVE FALLEN ON HARD TIMES

I'M SORRY TO SAY YOU ARE CORRECT, FAMILY PRIDE FOOLISHLY PREVENTED MY PREDECESSORS FROM COMMERCIAL PURSUITS THAT WOULD HAVE MAINTAINED OUR ESTATE
"FOOLISH?" REMEMBER EPICTETUS, COMRADE: "BETTER TO DIE OF HUNGER AND LIVE WITHOUT FEAR AND GRIEF THAN TO LIVE WITH A TROUBLED SPIRIT AMID ABUNDANCE."
I APPRECIATE YOUR KINDNESS, SIR I ONLY HOPE YOU WILL PROLONG YOUR GENEROSITY AND EXAMINE THIS DOCUMENT
IT'S A 17th-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT, PRESENTED TO ME AFTER MY FATHER DIED
LATIN UNCIALS-WITH A DASH OF VISIGOTHIC SCRIPT, PROBABLY A MOZARABIC INFLUENCE
WHAT DO YOU HAVE THERE?
YOUR REPUTATION AS BOTH A SCHOLAR AND FREELANCER IS FAMOUS. IF ANYONE CAN RESCUE ME FROM MY PLIGHT, IT IS YOU.
MOST PEDAGOGUES OF MY ACQUAINTANCE WOULD INTERCHANGE THE WORD "INFAMOUS," BUT MY "THANKS FOR YOUR CONFIDENCE "THE CURSE OF THE COUNTS OF CHABRILLANE" Hmmm

"IN 1214, THE YEAR OF PHILIP AUGUSTUS' GLORIOUS DEFEAT OF KING JOHN OF ENGLAND AT BOUVINES, IN THE EARLDOM OF CHABRILLANE, THERE DWELLED A CERTAIN ANCIENT MAN--
"--THOUGH LITTLE ABOVE THE RANK OF PEASANT, BY NAME MICHEL, USUALLY DESIGNATED BY THE SURNAME OF MAUVIS, THE EVIL, ON ACCOUNT OF HIS SINISTER REPUTATION
"HE HAD ONE SON, NAMED CHARLES, AS PROFICIENT AS HIMSELF IN THE HIDDEN ARTS, WHO HAD THEREFORE BEEN CALLED Le SORCIER, OR THE WIZARD.
"HE WAS REPUTED WISE IN THE TERRIBLE SECRETS OF BLACK MAGIC AND ALCHEMY, SEEKING THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE AND THE ELIXIR OF ETERNAL LIFE.

"THE PAIR, SHUNNED BY ALL HONEST FOLK, WERE SUSPECTED OF THE MOST ***HIDEOUS*** PRACTICES.

"OLD MICHEL WAS SAID TO HAVE ***BURNT*** HIS WIFE ALIVE AS A ***SACRIFICE*** TO THE ***DEVIL***--

"--AND THE UNACCOUNTABLE ***DISAPPEAR-ANCE*** OF MANY SMALL PEASANT CHILDREN WAS LAID AT THE DREADED DOOR OF THESE TWO.

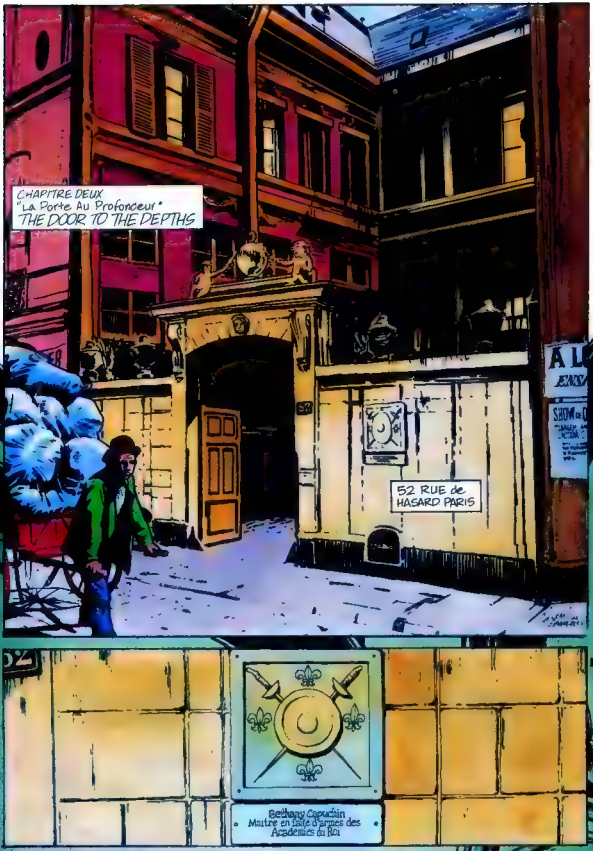
"YET THROUGH THE DARK NATURE OF THE FATHER AND SON RAN ONE ***REDEEMING*** RAY OF HUMANITY

"THE OLD MAN ***LOVED*** HIS OFFSPRING WITH FIERCE INTENSITY--

"--WHILST THE YOUTH HAD FOR HIS PARENT A MORE THAN ***FILIAL*** AFFECTION

"ONE NIGHT THE CASTLE ON THE HILL WAS THROWN INTO THE WILDEST CONFUSION BY THE VANISHMENT OF YOUNG GODFREY, SON OF HENRI, THE COUNT
"A SEARCHING PARTY, HEADED BY THE FRANTIC FATHER, INVADED THE COTTAGE OF THE SORCERERS--
MICHEL! YOU DEVIL-SPAWNED BASTARD!!
HAS MY SON BEEN BROUGHT LOW, AND I HAVE PERCEIVED IT NOT?
"--AND CAME UPON MICHEL MAUVIS, BUSY OVER A HUGE CAULDRON"
I'LL HAVE YOUR GUTS FOR GARTERS OLD MAN!
CRASH
MY COUNT! MY COUNT! FINE NEWS!
GODFREY HAS BEEN FOUND! HE'S SAFE!
MY COUNT-- YOUR SON IS SAFE

COUNT de CHABRILLANE- LOOK!
"THE FORM OF CHARLES Le SORCIER APPEARED THROUGH THE TREES, THE MENIALS EXCITED CHATTER HAVING TOLD HIM OF HIS FATHERS FATE.
"HE SEEMED AT FIRST UNMOVED, THEN, SLOWLY ADVANCING TO MEET THE COUNT, HE PRONOUNCED A CURSE THAT EVER AFTERWARD HAUNTED THE HOUSE OF CHABRILLANE.
AY NE'ER A NOBLE THY MURD'ROUS LINE RVIVE TO REACH A REITER AGE THAN THINE!
"AND UPON THE UTTERANCE OF THE CURSE, CHARLES LET LOOSE A PHIAL OF COLORLESS LIQUID.
AAAAARGH!
"CHARLES Le SORCIER DISAPPEARED INTO THE WOODS AND THE INKY CURTAIN OF NIGHT
"COUNT HENRI WAS DEAD, THE FIRST TO FALL UNDER Le SORCIER'S CURSE ON THE COUNTS de CHABRILLANES



H.P. Lovecraft's
The Alchemist

SO CHARLES Le SORCIER SLAYED YOUR ANCESTER, HENRI, AFTER THE COUNT THROTTLED CHARLES' FATHER.
BUT NOT BEFORE Le SORCIER PLACED A CURSE ON MY LINEAGE
HENRI WAS THIRTY-TWO WHEN HE DIED. EVER SINCE, EACH NOBLE SON OF MY HOUSE HAS DIED WITHIN CLOSE PROXIMITY OF HIS THIRTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY.
SO YOUR MANUSCRIPT CONFIRMS READ HERE
"THUS TIME DULLED THE MEMORY OF THE CURSE FROM THE COUNT'S FAMILY.
"SO IT WAS THAT WHEN GODFREY, INNOCENT CAUSE OF THE WHOLE TRAGEDY AND NOW BEARING THE TITLE--
"--WAS KILLED AT THE AGE OF 32--
"--THERE WERE NO THOUGHTS SAVE GRIEF AT HIS DEMISE

"BUT WHEN, YEARS LATER, THE NEXT YOUNG COUNT, ROBERT, WAS FOUND DEAD IN A NEARBY FIELD OF NO APPARENT CAUSE, THE PEASANTS TOLD IN WHISPERS THAT THEIR SEIGNEUR HAD BUT LATELY PASSED HIS THIRTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY
"ROBERT'S SON, LOUIS, WAS AWARE OF LE SORCIER'S CURSE, AND BECAME QUITE WARY AND ANXIOUS AS THE APPOINTED YEAR DREW NEAR
SHHK-ITCH!
HAVE AT YOU, BASE ASSASSIN!

KA-POW!
GAAAH!
SPLASH!
MY COUNT!
WHERE ARE YOU, COUNT LOUIS?
WE'RE HERE!
LOOK! IN THE MOAT!
"DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES RAN THE OMINOUS CHRONICLE.

"HENRIS, ROBERTS, ANTOINES, AND ARMANDS SNATCHED FROM HAPPY AND VIRTUOUS LIVES WHEN LITTLE BELOW THE AGE OF THEIR UNFORTUNATE ANCESTOR AT HIS MURDER
FASCINATING!
I'M DELIGHTED YOU SHOULD THINK SO, MONSIEUR SAVANT.
THIRTY-ONE MEN DEAD OVER THE COURSE OF SEVEN CENTURIES. "FASCINATING"? IT'S MONSTROUS!
TAKE HEART THAT THOSE MORTALS WOULD HAVE DIED IN DUE COURSE DESPITE THIS CURSE, COUNT de CHABRILLANE
NATURALLY, YOU HAVE EVIDENCE THESE DEATHS STILL CONTINUE AS PER SCHEDULE.
YOU HAVE MY WORD THAT THEY HAVE--INCLUDING MY FATHER.
IF MEMORY SERVES, THE CHATEAU de CHABRILLANES WAS MEDIEVAL BRITTANY'S MOST FORMIDABLE FORTRESS.
HE WAS KILLED WHEN A DISLODGED STONE FELL FROM A DESERTED PARAPET OF OUR CASTLE
IT WAS THE FOOTSTEPS OF AN INVADER HAVE NEVER RESOUNDED WITHIN ITS HALLS.
BUT MANY CENTURIES HAVE COME AND GONE, AND YOUR FINANCES HAVE NOT ALLOWED FOR UPKEEP SURELY IT IS NOT SO FORMIDABLE TODAY.
M CAPUCHIN, NO ONE ENTERS MY ESTATE WHILE ITS PORTCULLIS IS LOWERED UNLESS I DESIRE THEM TO
OF COURSE NO OFFENSE INTENDED

THEN YOU ARE PREPARED TO OFFER ME ADVICE?
CERTAINLY, MY COUNT-- GO HOME
PERHAPS YOU MIS-UNDERSTOOD THE URGENCY OF THIS SITUATION. AS I MENTIONED IN MY LETTERS, I WILL TURN THIRTY-TWO NEXT WEEK!
AU CONTRAIRE I DO COMPREHEND THE EXIGENCY OF YOUR PREDICAMENT FAR BETTER THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE
BUT... BUT... BUT...
BUT FIRST, I HAVE PRIOR COMMIT-MENTS TO ATTEND TO, AND HEN I MUST THOROUGHLY ESEARCH YOUR DILEMMA. I ASSUME I MAY KEEP YOUR MANUSCRIPT FOR NOW?
WITH YOUR PORTCULLIS DOWN, YOU SHOULD BE QUITE SAFE UNTIL I CAN VISIT YOU IN A FEW DAYS, IN HOPES YOU WILL RAISE IT
BUT, M. CAPUCHIN..!
ADIEU, COUNT. UNTIL LATER
SLAM!
MONSIEUR?! SACREBLEU!
14

"M. CAPUCHIN, IT HAS BEEN THREE DAYS SINCE MY VISIT TO PARIS, AND YOU HAVE NOT YET SEEN FIT TO CONTACT ME. TIME GROWS SHORT.
"MY BIRTHRATE DRAWS CLOSER WITH THE IN-DEFATIGABILITY OF A PENDULUM, AND..
AAHHROOOO!
WHAT?
AHHROOOO!
QU'EST-CE QUE C'EST?
AHHROOOO!
"WHAT IS THAT NOISE?"
AHHROOOO!
AHHROOOO!

HULLO?
MON DIEU! INCROYABLE!
POP!
CREEEAAAK...
WHAT IN THE WORLD..
BIENVENU YOU MUST BE THE COUNT de CHABRILLANE!
I HAVE AWAITED A LONG TIME TO MEET YOU.

H.P. Lovecraft's The Alchemist

CHAPITRE TROIS:
"Le Droit Main de Mauvis"
The RIGHT HAND of EVIL

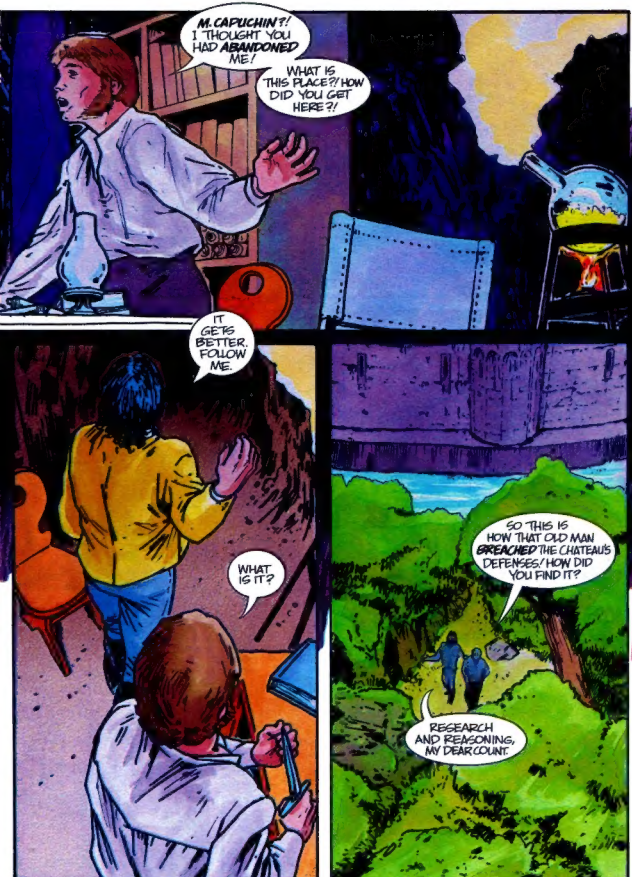
BIENVENU, COUNT de CHABRILLANE

WHO-- ARE YOU? WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

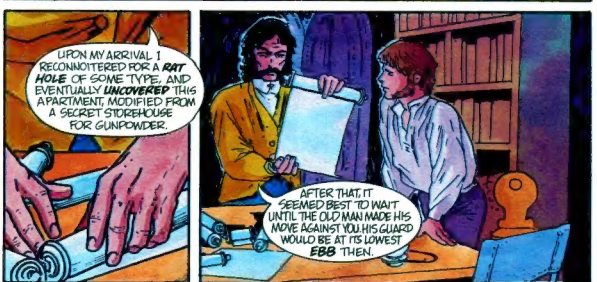
I AM YOUR SCOURGE. AS I WAS YOUR FATHER'S, AND HIS FATHER'S BEFORE HIM.
YOU'RE A SCION OF Le SORCIER'S?!
I AM DELIGHTED YOU'RE AWARE OF THE CURSE TO DEAL JUSTICE BY DEATH ALONE IS COUNTERPRODUCTIVE.
THE VICTIM HAS NO KNOWLEDGE THAT JUSTICE HAS OVERTAKEN HIM
HENRI MURDERED MICHEL-MAUVIS NEARLY A MILLENNIUM AGO. ANY DUE EXPIATION WAS STRAINED FROM CHABRILLANE BLOOD WHEN GODFREY WAS SLAIN
ONLY GOOD DEEDS ARE FORGOTTEN IN A GENERATION! A BLOODCRIME IS REMEMBERED FOR TEN TIMES TEN THOUSAND GENERATIONS!
NOT IN EUTHANASIA, BUT ALSO IN MENTAL TORMENT SHOULD THE GUILTY ATONE
THERE ARE NO MORE GENERATIONS
I'VE NEVER MARRIED! Le SORCIER'S CURSE ENDS WITH ME!
MOST ADMIRABLE-AND APPRECIATED. I'VE COME TO REALIZE OF LATE THAT I'M NOT AS YOUNG AS I ONCE WAS

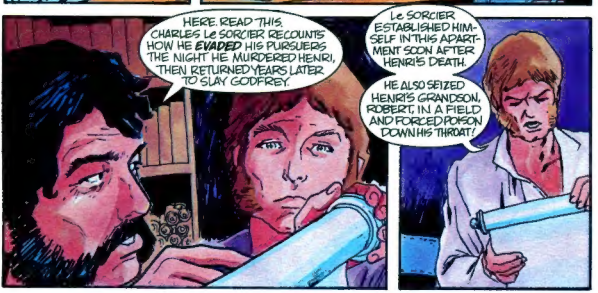
THIS WANDER JAHR HAS STRETCHED INTO TOO MANY DAYS MY APPRENTICESHIP OF LIFE IS UNPRECEDENTIALLY RADICAL
SO, FINALLY, FOR GOOD OR BAD--
--OUR CURSE ENDS HERE WITH YOU!
MON DIEU!
KaBLAM!
NOOOOO!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, ANTOINE. HE SLEEPS THE SLEEP ONLY GOD MAY ROUSE ONE FROM
19

I BELIEVE THE TIME HAS ARRIVED TO DISCUSS A FEE FOR MY SERVICES.
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS BOOK IN I FOUND IT AMONGST THESE SCROLLS
THIS BEARS MY FAMILY'S ESCUTCHEON, WITH THE NAME "LOUIS" ENGRAVED BESIDE IT IN LATIN.


M. CAPUCHIN?! I THOUGHT YOU HAD ABANDONED ME!
WHAT IS THIS PLACE? HOW DID YOU GET HERE?!
IT GETS BETTER. FOLLOW ME.
WHAT IS IT?
SO THIS IS HOW THAT OLD MAN BREACHED THE CHATEAU'S DEFENSES! HOW DID YOU FIND IT?
RESEARCH AND REASONING, MY DEAR COUNT.

ACCORDING TO THE MANUSCRIPT YOU PRESENTED ME, EVERY ONE OF YOUR NOBLE ANCESTORS DIED IN CLOSE PROXIMITY OF THIS CHATEAU.


UPON MY ARRIVAL, I RECONNOITERED FOR A RAT HOLE OF SOME TYPE, AND EVENTUALLY UNCOVERED THIS APARTMENT, MODIFIED FROM A SECRET STOREHOUSE FOR GUNPOWDER.
AFTER THAT, IT SEEMED BEST TO WAIT UNTIL THE OLD MAN MADE HIS MOVE AGAINST YOU. HIS GUARD WOULD BE AT ITS LOWEST EBB THEN.


HERE. READ THIS. CHARLES LE SORCIER RECOUNTS HOW HE EVADED HIS PURSUERS THE NIGHT HE MURDERED HENRI, THEN RETURNED YEARS LATER TO SLAY GODFREY.
LE SORCIER ESTABLISHED HIMSELF IN THIS APARTMENT SOON AFTER HENRI'S DEATH.
HE ALSO SEIZED HENRI'S GRANDSON, ROBERT, IN A FIELD AND FORCED POISON DOWN HIS THROAT!

"THAT BASTARD! THAT THRICE-DAMNED BLACK-GUARD!"
MY CAREFUL INQUIRIES REVEALED THERE WERE NO KNOWN DESCENDANTS OF MALVIS OR LE SORCIER. EVERYTHING MADE SENSE AFTER THAT.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
REGARDING MY FEE, I REQUEST LE SORCIER'S NOTES. AS FAR AS HIS GOLD, I WANT NONE OF THAT.
M. CAPUCHIN, WHAT DID YOU MEAN JUST NOW?
MY DEAR BOY, HAVEN'T YOU GRASPED THE OBVIOUS? YOUR FAMILY'S ARCH ENEMY WAS AN ALCHEMIST UNPARALLELED EVEN BY THE LIKES OF NEWTON.
HE TURNED LEAD INTO GOLD, MASTERED EXOTIC POISONS, HARNESSED PHOSPHORUS, AND DISTILLED THE ARCANUM CHYMICUM, THE "ELIXIR OF ETERNAL LIFE."
NO! WHAT YOU'RE SUGGESTING... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
THE EVIDENCE IS BEFORE YOUR EYES... HERE AND WITHOUT.
YOU KNOW THE TRUTH AND MUSTN'T SHIELD YOURSELF FROM IT!

"THAT CORPSE IS THE GREATEST TESTAMENT TO THE POWER OF HATRED THAT I HAVE EVER BEHELD
"FOR SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS THE CURSE OF THE COUNTS de CHABRILLANE HAS BEEN THE VENGEFUL CORPOREAL SPIRIT OF CHARLES Le SORCIER!"